

# THE SCOURGE,

MAY 1st, 1813.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The conclusion of Prince Emerald Star, is again unavoidably postponed, but will certainly appear in our next.

The Stay-maker's Address to a Royal Duke in our next.

Mr. Raymond and Mr. Coates—the former we think has been amply punished, the latter incorrigible.

The Prince and the Cossack. We are not able to discover the point of this favor—if it possesses any wit, the author must have the politeness to favor us with a *key*.

We wish to hear from the author of the *Three Honorables*.

“The Grey Friar of Northumberland,” and the “Frail Nun of Saint Austin!” A Ballad in imitation of “Alonzo the brave; and the false Imogene!” and also “an original Character of a Super-annuated Clerical Miser,” will appear in our next.

The favors of several excellent correspondents are under requisition, and we invite them to continue their exertions towards the detection of Imposture and the Exposition of Folly.

# THE SCOURGE.

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MAY 1, 1813.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ACTS OF THE R\*\*\*\*T.

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## CHAP. XIII.

1. Now ——— was a wicked prince, and he did evil in the sight of the Lord—he walked not in his ways, nor worshipped he him as all good men doeth;

2. And he raised up unto himself idols; yea, even the servants of his father, and them he worshipped.

3. And as he had promised great things to the people, they called out unto him saying, “Great prince, ye are the mighty ruler, and we are but the creatures of thy will; but give us, we beseech thee, the performance of thy early promises, and we are bound to thee for ever.”

4. Then did he rebuke them, saying, ye are rebellious slaves, and never satisfied: ye are as the people in the wilderness, always murmuring.

5. Now am I not the anointed of the Lord, and the ruler of Israel; now when I promised these things you ask, I was but a prince without power, and that I am ruler, I will break my faith with ye, and I will not give the things I promised.

6. And the people were exceeding wroth, and they cried out, Now are ye NOT the king over us, but the deputy of infirm majesty, and we are not satisfied with the idols you worship; they are the tools of arbitrary power; they are but puppets in thy hands, whom thou movest about at pleasure.

7. And the ruler waxed warm with rage, and of the people he cast them into prison who spoke the loudest and with the most truth.



8. And he kept unto himself the idols whom he had raised.

9. And he created new offices, which were filled by his creatures, and they were the locusts of the land, and they devoured of the industry of the people.

10. And he took unto himself other men's wives, and the husbands murmured not.

11. And he cast out of his presence his true wife, and he heard the evil things that were said of her, and he rebuked not the revilers.

12. And he cast off his old friends, saying, I have no more need of ye; yea, even those men who had spent their best lives in his service, and who had sacrificed at his altar.

13. And he gave grand feasts, which were called fetes in those days, and his magnificence was exceeding.

14. And at his threshold were the poor, who were not permitted to collect the crumbs from beneath his table.

15. Now did the ruler of Israel do all these things; yea, in the sight of the Lord, and of the people, and he was not ashamed; neither did he abate him in his lusts, or evil doings, and he hearkened not unto the voice of an afflicted people.

16. Woe will be unto Israel, the finger of the Lord is upon it, and upon the house of the ruler; I say again woe will be unto Israel, and unto the ruler!

17. The land shall be sorely smited, and the light of the sun be obscured; darkness and death shall rage for a time, but the locusts shall expire in the lightning's blaze.

18. And will not the bolt fall upon the roofings of the ruler—so saith the Lord, my power shall be manifest—and the ruler and his host shall be smited.

19. And his palace shall totter, and his throne shall fall, and of his kin there shall not be one left to inherit.

20. For the Lord God is Omnipotent, and he ruleth for ever: and he is a great God, and he will not suffer the idolater to thrive in his wickedness, but him will he smite in the plenitude of his wrath.



21. Now is it not written what I beheld in my dream, and are there not, that marvelled thereat, and did interpret?

22. And of the judges of the land, were they not despised? and of the preachers, were they not considered as unworthy to preach the word of God, and faith was arrested in them?

23. Hence, hence, ye idolatrous crew, Mammon is your God, and ye have brought the laws and the ark of the covenant into discredit, and for these things shall ye answer, yea, verily with your souls.

24. And the murmurings of the people burst through the sickly steams of oppressive power, and they rose in acclamation, and they cried out, Shall we not complain of our sufferings, and of the evil doings of the ruler? yea, we will, and our voices shall be heard.

25. Then there were those who did say? Of what do ye complain?

26. Now are ye not a thankless people, and the descendants of those who murmured when the Lord stretched forth his arm to free them from bondage?

27. Ye have a ruler comely in person, and of his whiskers is it not written that they were exceeding bushy, and of his wig the best that the hand of ingenuity could devise—now say ye rebellious subjects what would ye?

27. And the people they spake out, and answered in parables: Now what to us the bushy beard and wig! are these things necessary to constitute a good ruler?

29. Now there was a certain man was called to the inheritance of his father before that it was his lawful right to possession.

30. And he made large promises unto the laborers in his father's vineyards, even those men, who with the sweat of their brow supported his table, and conferred upon him all the luxuries of life.

31. And he said, unto them, I will lighten your labor; your enjoyments shall be greater—I will remove the obnoxious overseers who are placed over you; and I will

place in their stead men of peace, of virtue, talent and integrity.

32. And the laborers answered, and said—We thank thee, O great master—take then the inheritance of thy father, who is infirm—for thou art deserving, and will bring blessings upon us.

33. Now this man, when he was seated in his ancestral chair, turned him round, and exclaimed, “Now will I not perform my promises; and of me it shall be said, that of my *consistency*, it was but in one thing—and that *I never kept my faith with man!*”

34. And this man followed evil ways, and was fond of married women, and of Roman punch—and he had a bride, and he put her away; and he cried out ‘Is there no one will accuse her?’

35. And there arose a northern man and his wife, and they answered unto him—“we can brew thee a punch of such rare qualities will put her away, and quiet the turbulence of thy bosom; put thy faith in us.”

36. And he did put his faith in them.

37. And they got liquors known in those days, as “the spirit of perjury,” and “the essence of malignity;” and these they mixed up in a large bowl, with a due proportion of the sour “juice of resentment,” and the subtle “sugar of lead,” which is of the most malignant poison; and they poured into the preparation the hot “water of infamy;” and they said unto the inheritor, come, drink, for it is salubrious.

38. And a younger brother of the inheritor, who had put away his wife, and was without shame, said, Now drink deep, brother, for it is good.

39. And the inheritor was intoxicated; but he still called out for the Roman punch.

40. And he rested his head upon the bosom of a marchioness, who soothed him, and was supported by his purse-bearer, who was a servile creature of infamy and oppression.

41. And the husband of the marchioness, even a horned man, peeped in upon his wife, and watched her doings.

42. And the judges of the inheritor were fond of eating, and sacrificed to inordinate appetite, and they cared not, so like locusts they could feed upon the fat of the land.

43. And the people having ended the parable, cried out unto the ruler—"Now woe be unto thee if thou sufferest these things to continue!"

44. For we are strong, and will put away our shame, and will hand down unto our children the laws which our forefathers framed, pure and unsullied.

Here endeth the first book of the Acts of the Regent.

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### TO LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

THE very high respect I have ever entertained for the splendid abilities which have long characterised your conduct as a judge; the high value I have set upon that *urbanity* of disposition, that *suavity* of manners, that *unsullied* impartiality, and that *peculiar mildness* of accent in *addressing* not *directing* a jury, or passing judgment on the unfortunate, have urged me to stand forward as your champion in defence, at a time when the envious wittings of the day, and the *hirelings* of party, are bespattering you with their venom, detracting from your merits, and impeaching that which is not fairly impeachable—your Lordship's *honor*, *integrity*, and *gentlemanly attributes*. I cannot but regret, my Lord, that these virtues are so *obvious* in you that but little is left for me to prove; that I have to sound no depths of argument to establish my position, for all those circumstances are fresh before the public from which you are or can be *fairly judged*; and that immediate decision cannot fail being the result of any thing like attentive consideration—for who can read or know aught of your Lordship's recent conduct, and *possibly doubt*! I regret this, my Lord, and because I am so satisfied of your *real* value, that I could wish a



more arduous task in your defence, I am prepared with the very slender talents I possess *to go to any length* in advocating your cause, as you would to support the character of the Regent, or the purity of the Marquis of Headfort. I am prepared to risk every thing, reputation and all to *serve you*, as you would and have done to rescue those distinguished personages from the libellous attacks of such men as the Hunts!!! men destitute of every virtue, nay, of common sense, and whom you have rightly and justly sent to those abodes of *felons*, those *dark dungeons* of guilty terror! the *Cold Bath Fields Prison!* and the *jail in Horsemonger-Lane!* There are those, who, in the plenitude of their malignancy, the heat of their malevolent indignation, have dared to accuse your lordship of improper conduct in this affair—of brow-beating the jury into their verdict—of softening down the guilt of a hoary seducer, and finally of visiting the defendants with a cruelly severe punishment; but these men, my Lord, act upon the principle of thieves, aware of their own deserts, and liking not to be told of the halter—they, my Lord, shake aspen-like at the approach of their own turn, and were they not trembling for the future would be brought to acknowledge your justice! your humanity! Among the feeble efforts of modern satire directed against the bench, and which I suspect is meant to convey a *sly* hit at you, although no one can discover its poignancy, I have discovered the effusion of one Simon Sedative, signing himself *poet* and *apothecary*, and called “the Triumph of Temper:” it contains one or two of your very *well-timed* classic and *forcible* expressions, and this circumstance has induced me to notice it in a letter to your lordship. It contains too, I believe nearly all that *malevolence* can urge against you; and I have thought proper to select it as a proper object for my observations, as the medium of conveying my remarks, which are to refute all the calumnies of the writer, and of every other feeble satirist, and execrable tool of party spirit. It is called “the Triumph of Temper,” but the reason lives

I believe, only in the brain of Simon Sedative himself—for your lordship never had occasion, or attempted to *triumph* over *your* temper—the satire is weak, it fails, it falls to the ground, an ill-directed shaft concerted by malice impotent and weak; it has a second title “the Beauties of Billingsgate”—well, your lordship yourself would be the first to admit the beauties of Billingsgate in the fish season—how often has your eye gloated on a fine turtle; how often has your finger been tempted to the pressure of a fine piece of salmon? Your lordship is as good a judge, and perhaps better in these things than in any thing else—He calls it an additional act to MIDAS; surely he does not mean to pourtray your lordship as Midas—I hope he does, for then the feebleness of his satire will be apparent to the shortest sight, and the pamphlet will carry its own condemnation along with it. Is it not notorious, that Midas had *ass's* ears? And who is there will be bold enough to affirm that there is any thing *asinine* in your lordship's *external* form?—no one, no one—if indeed he had silyly insinuated that you possessed no more than the mental capacity of that much libelled brute, then indeed my contradictions could not have been so positive—but you know, my lord, even in that case I should have been left to my arguments and my doubts. “The Triumph of Temper” is preceded by a dedication to “a noble judge;” now, my lord, although he has not thought proper to dedicate to you by name, yet he must mean you, and nobody but you, and I will clearly prove it; no no, this I cannot, and you know it is sometimes *convenient* to doubt. But, my lord, what says this dedication?—it panegyrises the *thunder* of your voice, the *lightning* of your eye, the vigor of your *frown*—the *solemnity* of your cough, the *extent* of your learning, the *acuteness* of your logic, the *profundity* of your wisdom, and the *awful circumference* of your wig!!! But all this he does in his capacity as a *poet*, and your lordship is perfectly well acquainted with the latitude in lying usually allowed to poets. In all this where is the



author's satire? If your lordship cannot feel it, who is to understand it? In the same breath he congratulates you on your happy *command of temper*, telling you that *other judges have bit their thumbs, and shook the powder out of their wigs* with passion; he then pops himself into the nostrum shop, and in his capacity of an apothecary, unsays all he has said as a poet, and proceeds to prescribe; but you know better than to listen to him, and are not so mad as to take his prescription. He says you are troubled with fits of indigestion, that your heart is overloaded with *bile*, and your head with *vapors*; and that the symptoms of your disorder consist in *sudden flushings of the face*, violent *contractions of the brows*, involuntary *convulsions of the hands and knees—foaming at the mouth*; that you sometimes talk incoherent, declaring that truths are "*false as hell*," &c. &c. and he then states the remedy, and bids you banish from your table "*all fermented liquors, all rich soups, and all made gravies*." He bids you live on plain roast and boiled, and to shun *Cayenne* pepper; he tells you not to eat two dinners in one day, and to fast like a catholic twice a week—Mercy on us!—what would become of our Law, if he was to observe this horrible penance! How often would your eyes swim with tears, while gloating on the rich green fat of a young turtle, knowing that it would be dangerous in your state of disease. The eel-pye must then go untouched at luncheon time, and all the savory meats be deserted—who then should bear your lordship's cheerful chuckle at the festive board? But where is all the satire in this? I repeat, who can understand it, if *your lordship* cannot feel it! I now come to the piece itself, this miserable performance, destitute alike of wit or humor; and which I recommend to your lordship's perusal as a source of laughter in its weakness, its puerility. Scene I. is an ale-house, pipes, tobacco and newspaper lying on the table. Pan, Silenus, Pol, Excisemen, Barber and clowns sitting round smoaking—the language of the scene is made up of oaths according to the author, "not according



to LAW." The swearing is *far* from spirited, and by no means agreeable to your rules—the rogues are mealy-mouthed, and dare not venture upon a round oath. Scene the second is somewhat better—Olympus is discovered with all the gods sitting in full assembly; Master Jupiter opens the scene, and talks about his wife, he says

"Ye all must well know that my shrew of a wife, Sirs,  
Has long been the torment and plague of my life, Sirs."

He produces a letter—

"Here read this epistle, she threatens, the strumpet,  
To borrow that termagant Fame's crack toned trumpet."

I do not know really *what* Jupiter this can be, it cannot be *the* Jupiter; it must be some Regent, acting during the incapacity of his Sire or some other. He inquires what he shall do with his wife, and a flash-in-the-pan Mars replies,

"What signifies snivelling, and pouting, and snarling,  
*My spouse has her croney*, and I have my *darling*,  
Here's *Vulcan* the honest old blacksmith below,  
The fellow who thunderbolts makes us, you know;  
A *prison* he'd soon hammer out, I engage,  
To keep her locked up like a bird in a cage,  
And there 'gainst the bars let her fret out her rage."

Neptune, another *brother*, proposes to send her to sea; Pluto, another brother, wishes to send her to hell.

To the latter Pean Jupiter *readily assents*, when in comes Midas, blustering, sweating, fuming, and ranting about a brewer—he exclaims, while his eye flashes lightning! and his cheek is flushed with choler! his thumb is half eaten! and his wig sorely tumbled!

"Oh, were he but here now, *fire, faggot, and fury!*  
Every bone in his body I'd break, I assure ye;  
But no, I'll be cool, *d—n his eyes and his blood*,  
Such a monster ne'er breathed since the days of the flood."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ *Guy Fawkes* with his dreadful *dark lanthorn*, I’m sure,  
 Was an *angel of light* to this *blackguardly brewer*,  
 He dares, the damned scoundrel, he dares to advance, Sir,  
 That *evidence* should be in *question and answer*.  
 And then, oh the villain, he doubts my own fitness,  
 To make a *good woman* turn out a *fair witness* ;  
 The rascal’s assertion is foul, false, absurd ;  
 If any man doubt it—why—there is my word ;  
 This *vile meddling miscreant* knows very well,  
 That his slanders are lies, and his lies ‘ *false as hell*. ’ ”

And thus, my lord, is *Chief Justice Midas* made to  
 exclaim all through a long speech, when finding himself  
 suddenly attacked by a *gnawing* appetite, he claps his  
 hand on his belly, and concludes,

“ But dinner’s in waiting and appetite too,  
 So, dam’me, I’m off ”——and exits in a fury.

Now, my Lord, although part of the character may suit  
 your Lordship to a hair, yet I cannot perceive the satire ;  
 and I am sure all those who like myself tremble at your  
 Lordship’s terrible frown, will not be able to discover any  
 thing in the above lines, or the whole pamphlet, but  
 the very meagreness of wit, and an execrable attempt to  
 injure your Lordship’s *exceeding fair* reputation.

I am, your Lordship’s most obedient  
 and most devoted admirer,

ANTI-SEDATIVE.

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### POLITICAL OBSERVER,—No. XV.

---

SCARCELY ten months have elapsed, and the most  
 formidable army that human ambition with all the  
 resources of numerous and mighty empires at its dispo-  
 sal, had ever been able to collect ; a host outvying in  
 numbers the force of Darius, and in bravery the follow-  
 ers of Alexander, has been swept away, leaving behind  
 it scarcely a solitary battalion as a memorial of its past  
 existence. The commander of these mighty hosts, who

led them on to invasion and to ruin, after having lost his reputation for military talent, after deserting his army in the extremity of its distress, and witnessing the gradual progress of resistance to his sway among his former vassals, has once more returned to the field of combat, with an army collected from the boys and invalids of a depopulated country, and puts forth his last resources in a final struggle for empire and for life.

It is scarcely possible that the issue of the present campaign should enable Napoleon to recover his ascendancy on the continent. Armies more formidable than those that he pretends to have collected would be necessary, even supposing the allies to be utterly destitute of military skill, to enable him to gain the right bank of the Vistula; and while he remains to the west of that river, it would be impossible that he should consolidate or enjoy in security any advantages that he might gain. Russia would be always at hand to cherish and invigorate the spirit of resistance, to render abortive his compacts with minor powers, and to take advantage of his errors or misfortunes; and many years would elapse before he would be able amidst the ruin of his own resources, and the multiplied difficulties of his situation, to organize a force sufficient to act on the offensive within the Polish territory.

But we have yet no reason, even admitting the Paris statements of the force of the grand army, to fear that Napoleon will be able to advance with permanent advantage beyond the Elbe, and there is solid ground of hope that he may yet be driven within the boundaries of ancient France. Supposing the French army to amount, according to the statement of the *Moniteur* to 300,000, the regular forces of the allied powers exceed them by one half in numerical strength; and those who anticipate the ultimate triumph of Bonaparte must rest their conclusions on the inefficiency of the Russian generals, or the inferiority of the Russian to the French soldier in bravery, fortitude, and discipline. They must ascribe the late disasters of Napoleon solely to the



inclemency of the Russian climate; and believe with implicit credulity the narration contained in the nineteenth bulletin—a document evidently prepared for the purpose of impressing the French people with a conviction that the disasters of their emperor were exclusively to be attributed to the elements. In that celebrated composition we hear indeed of “rout upon rout, confusion worse confounded,” of “the loss of 30,000 horses in a few days, of cavalry being on foot, of artillery without conveyance, and of the abandonment of cannon, ammunition and provisions.” We are not surprized that the soldiers of an army without the means of defence, or subsistence, or transport, should have lost their gaiety, and dreamt of misfortunes and catastrophes; but one should suppose from the account that is here given that all this was brought about by that invisible enemy a Russian winter, or by that contemptible cavalry the Cossacks. It has been well observed that in these details we hear little or nothing of the Russian army; we should not discover, from this fair and candid statement, that the day after Bonaparte slept at Krasnoi, a great part of his army under Davoust was completely routed, and that on the following day the Duke of Echlingen alone escaped, having seen the whole of his corps lay down their arms; we should not have guessed that the “*cruel mistake of going to the right instead of the left*,” which is ingeniously represented as having produced the submission of Partoneaux’s division, was in reality caused by the masterly manœuvres of Wittgenstein: and that Bonaparte after summoning all his dukes to his aid, lost 20,000 men at the passage of the Beresina.

The whole plan of the pursuit and interception of the French armies, was in reality conducted with the utmost military skill. With a clear anticipation of the movements to which Napoleon would be driven, Tchitchagof was posted on the road to Minsk; Wittgenstein hovered on the right of the enemy’s army, on the road to Wilna, and Kutousof destroyed the whole body of Bavarians,

forming the centre of his line, while Bonaparte was compelled to attempt his escape in a desperate retreat by Molodetchno.

It is not from the deficiency of military skill, therefore, on the part of the Russian officers, that the admirers of Napoleon can predict his triumph in the next campaign, and still less can its probability be deduced from a rational estimate of the military attributes of the Russian soldier. The Frenchman has always been celebrated for the impetuosity of his attack; the Spaniard for his patience under hunger and fatigue, and the German for his subordination and coolness in the midst of danger. The Russian soldier appears to unite in himself all these valuable qualities in a superior degree. The belief in predestination, and a blind submission to the will of his commander; produce in every Russian that total contempt of danger, that perfect obedience, which in other nations is only the effect of distinguished heroism. His pay, small as it is, is sufficient to furnish him with what he esteems the luxuries of life, and he is content with his simple fare. In patient endurance of hunger and cold, he has no equal on earth. Should a scarcity of provisions be apprehended in the camp, a fast is proclaimed by the orders of the sovereign, and he submits without a murmur. No troops are so little embarrassed by being flanked or turned as the Russians. On whatever side the enemy may be, they conceive that by changing their front, he still remains before them; and their immovable firmness under the most destructive and murderous fire, has been confessed and applauded, even by their enemies. Their superiority in equal conflict with the French, under every circumstance that could be propitious to Gallic bravery, was testified by the victories of Suwarrow, and has been confirmed by the battles of Smolensk and Borodino.

The talents of Bonaparte are, it is true, splendid and multifarious. His activity and vigilance are evident, even in the midst of his embarrassment, his penetration is

unparalleled, and his dexterity formidable. Yet his military genius has rather been estimated by the number of his victories, and in comparison with the imbecility of his opponents, than by any rational standard of judgment. The affair of *Aspres* evinces how much he has sometimes been indebted to the folly of his enemies: his movements in Egypt were discreditable to his military skill; in his contest with the Spaniards, he does not seem to have employed with their greatest possible effect the resources of his empire; and if the possession of Moscow appeared to be the first step towards the intimidation of the Russian court; a great general would not have ventured to advance, without being well assured that his army was secure from irretrievable disaster in case of retreat.

We are content, therefore, with the prospect that is now opened to our view, without expecting that Austria will recede from neutrality. It is the evident interest of that power to side with none of the belligerents. By fighting against France she would contribute to the aggrandisement of Prussia, an object which of all others it is her policy to avoid: by espousing the cause of France, she would lose her only chance of regaining her German and Italian territories. By remaining neutral, she may reap the advantage of any accommodation among the contending parties, that may be occasioned by her inactivity. Her silence and inaction will moderate the tone of all the hostile powers; and in the event of negotiation she may gain something from each, without endangering her own safety, by augmenting the power and extending the dominions of a rival neighbour.



ENCHEIRIDION BASILICON;

OR,

THE R—L MANUAL.

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PRECEPTS.

1. If, through the weakness and vices of your Government, you have fallen under NAPOLEON's controul, do as he bids you. That is acting as *becomes* your situation, and, so far, few other Kings can vie with you. Even fools, who envy other crowned heads, will never presume to envy you.

2. Having the government of a free people, and being free yourself, use your freedom freely. Nothing begets love so much as similarity, "*sus sui pulcher*," therefore, as they will in all probability be like the "*Bulls* of Basan," pamper yourself, and be fat and bloated :

" *Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.*"

What is freedom without ease? Make yourself unfit for any business, and then you can do none. Why should *you* be a slave in a land of liberty?

3. A great prejudice obtains in simple minds in favour of virtue, honour, truth, and justice—you are the supreme executive power, and to you are committed the care and protection of the community, and you must be *above* all *prejudices*.

4. As you *can do no wrong*, you need not be nice about what you do; but particularly avoid any thing like *right*, for in such a case, what is your merit?

5. If you are married, dont live with your wife---you might as well be a common man.---Why do people say, "*As happy as a King?*"

6. Have no Ministers of State, or of your household, that are not remarkable for their mental imbecility. A pretty thing, indeed, it would be for you, a King, to lose by a comparison with your servants. The more grey in vice, and abandoned in principle, the better, for the same reason.

7. If you have a child, take it away from its mother; or perhaps, as she may live with decency, it may learn to despise you.

8. Should you like another man's wife, have her---it's a free country, and *le roi le veut*, is surely enough. As to saying the husband's dishonoured, it is nonsense---of course you'll load him with honours, and "exalt his horn."

9. The *common law* most irreverently speaks of "the authority of the laws over the Prince," but the *Civilian* far more courteously expresses it "the authority of the Prince over the laws." In a Court so polished as yours, the *civil* should have the preference, whose superiority I would restore. It is unnecessary to point out *who* should be your JUDGE-ADVOCATE, as the Red Book *candidly* terms one of the *chiefs*.

10. If you only do common things, nobody will either praise or wonder at you. *Henry VIII.* repudiated his *innocent* wife and bastardized *Elizabeth*, and was much talked of. "It is," we are told, "unquestionably in the breast of the supreme legislative authority of the kingdom to defeat the hereditary right." If every thing should not go on according to your mind, here's food for thought.

11. Call such men to your council as will be counselled by you; or if you find that irksome, (as you ought if you consult your ease and dignity,) let them counsel by themselves. They are to answer for it, and why should you trouble your head about it? You might only get the poor devils into some scrape; and it would interfere with your sleeping and dressing, than which you have no business more important.

12. Spend most of your time with your barber---you'll hear all the news from him, and so shall both the in and outside of your head be equally ornamented and valuable. Besides, have a score of tailors about you, "*vestis virum facit*," and you are the first man in the nation. Therefore have also plenty of *sharppers* near you---men are known by their companions, and Kings have too commonly been thought *no conjurors*. Get some of them into Parliament---it will make the *representation* fuller and fairer, and satisfy the people.

13. If you are *libelled*, for it may happen, as some folks like to speak the *truth*, let your own attorney file an information against the libellers, and it is very hard indeed if you have not the *Justice* on your side. A jury is an awkward thing, but that may be qualified pretty well, and as *they* don't apportion the punishment, your friend *Justice* can trounce them at plea-

sure. Formerly, and not much so, the jurors were paid *when* they found for the Crown---shame on your reign, if you don't revive good customs.

14. *Julius Cæsar* said——

“ *Let me have men about me that are FAT*”——

remember this in your choice of a Chief Justice.

15. As *the King never dies*, he ought to be always *young* ; therefore keep up appearances as long and as well as you can. Nobody will be deceived but yourself, it's true ; but that's a great matter.

16. Have some adulterers, or men who have fallen into *misfortune* in your Court---it will be consoling. Not that it is of much consequence, as you have *bags* to keep your conscience, which of course will never trouble *you*.

17. Warmth is a great advantage in love, and “ as all flesh is frail, the more flesh the more frailty,” which should be preferred, as suiting your purpose. Above all things chuse *Professors*, they understand their business, and

“ *Commit the oldest sins, the newest kind of ways,*”

which cannot be expected in young ones.

18. Under these circumstances, it will very likely be agreeable to you to appear seldom in public---that's right ; or you might share the reproof of the fourth Henry to the *Prince of Wales*—

“ *Thou hast lost thy princely privilege*

*With vile participation ; not an eye*

*But is a-weary of thy common sight.*”

The Grand Turk remains in his Seraglio, why should not you ?

19. If you are nibbled at in print by insensible rogues, bloodless kuaves, who have no taste for your pleasures, endeavour to buy them up---this will commonly increase the number ; but never mind that---it will furnish employment for your Attorney-General.---Why, in these hard times, should you keep more cats than catch mice ?

20. Abandon all your real friends,---avoid *predilections*---a king should have *no friend*. Independent of that maxim, *friendship* is a weakness only fit for simple hearts.---To indulge in such plain unsophisticated sympathies and affections, would be very *unlike* a prince ! Never forget that you are above other



men, *αὐτὸς αὐδῶν*. \* A great judge has said, that "Mankind will be apt to be insolent and refractory, if taught to consider their prince as a man of no greater perfections than themselves,"---therefore have as little to do with *humanity* as possible.

21. You should hate and defame your wife, as well as part with her, otherwise you'll seem to be a man without passions, which is odious.

22. You must have a private Secretary very like yourself, or how can he possibly understand and humour you? Suddenly to procure such a man is difficult: therefore bring one up for the purpose. Any little Pimp is a good subject to begin with, and for a Pimp, a military man is best, especially if he has had a cane over his shoulders. You'll have much dirty work to do, and this is the proper instrument.

23. As to debts, and promises to pay, that is an observance suited to meaner persons, "*nullum tempus occurrit regi*"—and they ought to have known it when they trusted you. Besides, if you gave the people your money, which of course you want, the people must give it you back again, which is double trouble.

24. Mr. BULL can think no ill of a man (indeed with him he has every virtue) who sleeps with his wife. Let him sleep with his own! *You are liable to no taxes.*

25. The simplest and least cumbrous dress accommodates a soldier best in that, for which he was made to bear arms, but you should load him with frippery. It looks much gayer on parade, and at a review, and he ought to look pretty at the time (and it is the only time) you honour him with your notice. Before he goes into battle he can tear it off. What signifies the expence? You don't pay for it.

26. Order it so, that every question be carried in both houses as you think right—never heed the opinion of the people. If they knew what was *good for themselves*, why did they elect *you* to rule?

27. It is said that kings never hear the *truth*,---Why should

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\* *The King of men*, as Homer calls Agamemnon; a King not unworthy of our notice, for though he had a wife, he lived with a great man's woman, one Briseis, which, as they relate, "was fatal to the Greeks."

they be made uncomfortable? Why be teased about doing wrong, and wrong to the end of the chapter, when it is very well known that they can do no such thing? Punish it with the utmost rigour of LAW.

28. Love war. Sciolists tell us that a people is impoverished and thinned by it. Indeed? it is very likely, truly, that you should ruin your own subjects, if it was'nt for *their* good! The poet says :

——— Squalent abductis arva colonis  
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

i. e. The peasantry are torn from their fields, their fields lie fallow, and their scythes are turned into swords.\* But his was a sorry age, if this be a just enumeration of the blessings of war. Not a word about empty stomachs, full gazettes, &c. &c.

29. Great complaints are made about *corruption*. They might as well complain of mortality. Its natural; and he who takes the most pains to promote it, deserves to derive the advantage of it---the labourer is *worthy* of his hire.

30. *You* may do as you like, but if *I* was fat and fifty, and King, I should dance, because nobody would dare to laugh at me---in my presence.

31. The Law affirms, that the King can not only not do wrong, but that he cannot even *think* wrong, and it adds "in him is no folly or weakness." You and I know better, but as they are very obstinate with their reason, disprove it, and trample on the fame of all your predecessors. The constitutionalists also say, "that the King's prerogative is limited by bounds so certain and notorious that it is impossible he should ever exceed them." I'd try that!

32. When any man, Jew or Christian, asks you to dinner, go---it shews you are not proud. When so, or by making him your companion, you have ruined him, see him no more---a beggar is no company for a prince.

33. Never fear any excess of debauchery, either in wine or women--your morning draughts should be enough to kill any body else, but *you can't die*. Perhaps some sober blockheads

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\* Dryden gives it quaintly :

"The crooked scythe is straightened to a sword."

will dislike you, but others, who shine by your light, will love you, or say they do, and let that suffice---a precious noodle you would be indeed, to endeavour to please every body !

34. Building is a good thing, but build no churches, for so shall "a great man's memory only outlive his life half a year." No, build a *stable*---there is something in that word which sounds like immortality.

35. Religion is a matter of the deepest import—not that you need pray, for prayers are said *for you* in all the churches and chapels—in such affairs never consult your reason or your justice, but if you merely profess to be a Protestant, it is a substantial cause for the cruellest oppression of your Catholic subjects. Let them fight for you, but you fight against them. If they are right, their reward is in *heaven*, which you have nothing to do with!—N. B. Live like a Mahomedan, but profess yourself a Christian.

36. As to horse-racing, what is to be done in that, is almost too obvious to require advice. A certain Bishop, when at cards with his Chaplains, always insisted upon naming the trump; and shan't a King, when he runs a horse, let him win or lose, just as it suits him ! I would plough up *Newmarket*, and destroy the JOCKEY CLUB---they are a set of ignorant stiff-rump'd fellows, without any notion of *prerogative*, or respect for persons. These *Terræ filii*, or Gentlemen of the *Turf*, might at least have known the maxim laid down by FINCH, "that *prerogative* is that law in case of the King, which is law in *no* case of the subject."

Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, draws the character of a Prince, *as he should be* : but surely no one will compare *his* rules with mine ! Luckily for him, he lived in other times, or he would have been prosecuted, or at least deserved this censure, which Cicero pronounced on Cato ; "He indeed judges excellently, but prejudices the state, for he speaks as in the Commonwealth of Plato, and *not* in the *dregs* of Romulus." I know better what I am about. Practicable instruction alone is valuable, and the greater its facility, the more it should be appreciated. Who of the blood royal has ever benefited by *his* advice ? Mine, on the contrary, sees its approbation in its applicability to every day's practice, and will perhaps, like Shakespeare's page, mercy on us ! be "for all time." Utopian schemes of



education may please romantic brains, but I should shame to offer such, or indeed any other than the present, to him, to whom the law ascribes "ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!"\*

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CONTINUATION OF CHARACTERISTICS ;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

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THE ADMIRAL.

See next yon portly chief, with vacant stare,  
An admiral's trappings,—but a ploughman's air !  
And,—as in awkward state you view him pass,  
With gilded antlers, and with front of brass ;  
Think you,—to judge by famed Lavater's rule,  
" The leading lines have more of knave, or fool ?"  
Or, " Says one trait, his bloated face contains,  
" The heart has courage, or the head has brains ?"  
If thus the physiognomist surmise,  
Lavater blunders, and the Index lies !  
Of Britain's present naval chiefs, and past,  
(Nelson the first,—and Alb-m-rle, the last,)  
Who wear,—or erst have worn,—that honour'd dress,  
Of sense, or spirit—never man had less !  
For fame,—who truth with falsehood largely blends,  
*Senseless and heartless*—to his name appends ;  
And,—tho' to him—a Mulgrave gives " G—d H—e,"  
Acuter Howe assigned his meed,—a rope !

When rival navies death's artillery flung,  
And victory long on doubtful pinions hung ;  
When recreant leaders their great chief forsook,  
And—in her grasp Britannia's Trident shook ;—  
M--ll--y, and B--rt-e—damn'd to endless fame,  
Traitors to honour, and their country's shame ;  
Brought vile misnomers for their ships in use,  
A Coward,—*Cæsar* ; and Jove's bird,—a Goose !

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\* Blackstone vol. 1. b. 1. c. 7.

Heav'ns !—that a “ Cæsar” glory’s strife should shun,  
 Or Britain’s “ Thunderer” from a Frenchman run !  
 Yet such the fact !—the vile Poltroons, that fled,  
 Stamp’d with their infamy the ships they led ;—  
 Till—from the stain by *Strahan* and *Lechmere* freed,  
 To the “ base pair” now clings the damning deed !  
 Well-omen’d pair !—while perished guiltless Byng,  
 And godlike-Howe denounc’d your fate —“ to swing ;”  
 Strong Interest snatch’d the rope from Justice’ hand ;  
 And for a “ halter” gave a “ chief command !”

“ A chief command ?”—weep, injured Britain ! weep !  
 Rise, gallant “ Troubridge !” from the fatal deep ;  
 High on yon \*Rock thy manly form display ;  
 And scare the dastard from th’ indignant Bay :  
 Whose narrow soul, where sordid passions lour,  
 By party-spirit urg’d, and buoy’d by power,  
 To worth and age leaves unrequited toils,  
 And from thy “ Finley” wrests his well-earn’d spoils !  
 “ Finley !” to thee this solace still belongs ;  
 A “ Troubridge” rais’d thee, and a “ B-rt-e” wrongs !  
 Courage, and skill congenial talents raise ;—  
 The honour of his hate a “ Coward” pays ;  
 Yet—while that worth he envies, he would lower ;  
 “ It,—like the palm-tree, thro’ oppressed, shall soar !”  
 Rise, “ Troubridge !”—speak in thunder from thy tomb ;  
 To sinking Britain tell her certain doom !  
 If to a mongrel,—tho’ of noble race,  
 The navy’s scorn, and Anc-st-r’s disgrace,  
 She trusts her squadrons,—delegates command,  
 Or yields her trident to his nerveless hand ;  
 Her braver sons the recreant’s sway will spurn !  
 And first to honorable want return !  
 Tell this great truth,—“ that where a B-rt-e rules,  
 “ None freely serve, but sycophants and tools ;—  
 “ That where a B-rt-e holds a chieftain’s post,  
 “ Your fame, your safety, and G—d H—e are lost :  
 “ That where a B-rt-e’s flag pollutes the air,  
 “ Contempt, dishonour, shame, and flight are there !”

" HOLY BOB ; "

OR,

" THE JOCKEY CHAPLAIN. "

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" From such apostles, O ye mitred Heads !  
 Preserve God's Church ;—and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn ! "

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Let sapient "*J-n-s*" new-fangled spellings try,  
 And write for "*durance vile*,"—in "*\*Jurens vi* ;"  
 While I—orthography, nor sense beguile,  
 But still for "*durance vile*"—write "*durance vile* !"  
 Let him, in sacerdotal robe, and stole,  
 Spur mettled coursers round the gaping goal ;  
 And dress,—when *he* perforce—such office leaves,  
 His groom, "*in black silk body, and lawn sleeves* !"  
 His fighting cock, call'd "*Thirteen Inches*" bring,  
 Break thro' the mob, and bustle in the ring ;  
 Less form'd in church, than on the turf to shine,  
 Jockey, and cock-fighter ;—but no divine !  
 Let him in fair horse-dealing show his skill,  
 And—at his friend's expence his pockets fill ;  
 Of social boards th' unguarded converse tell,  
 And light Dissension's torch by Treachery's spell !  
 Let him from *full speed* weekly prayers escape,  
 "*Religion's post-boy*"—gallop to the Cape ;  
 And leave his straying flock, six days in seven,  
 To inter their dead, and grope their way to Heav'n !  
 Let him still drink, and † swear, and game, and whore,—  
 To Christ's disciples add one Judas more ;

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\* This learned and reverend Graduate of an English University, known through the Cape army, by the name of "*Holy Bob*," wrote to his equally respectable friend, "*Alexander D-nl-p*," the showman of the Hottentot Venus—"to redeem a saddle of his, which was in "*\*Jurens vi*" for two dollars."

† Arriving at Simon's Town, at full gallop, just before the usual hour of divine service, the "*Jockey Chaplain*" took out his watch, in presence of several officers and others, assembled to attend his performance of it, exclaiming "*D—mn my eyes ! two hours and twenty minutes, by G-d ! and not a minute more, damme !*" And at Stellenbasch, in reading the decalogue in the church, he omitted *four* of the commandments, and afterwards jested at



While wise men pity, and while fools applaud  
 "The Jockey Parson, and the Reverend Bawd!"  
 Yet these, and such as these,—the church's scum,  
 Here—the best mart for such rare talents come!  
 In Afric,—vomited from home—arrive,  
 And 'mid congenial fools, and scoundrels thrive;  
 Here drink with Governors,—with Generals carve,  
 And mock,—while stubborn truth, and learning starve!

"Yet, while such honours bloom around their head,  
 Can *these* sit sadly by the sick man's bed?  
 Inspire the hopes, they feel not,—or—with zeal  
 Dispel the terrors, ev'n the virtuous feel!"

### THE PRECEPTOR ;

OR,

### HEAD OF A SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE.

Here too,—the soil, which all the vices like,  
 And—where the roots of virtue rarely strike;  
 Ere long, the groves of Academe shall rise,  
 And seats of learning spring in southern skies!  
 Ev'n now the grand foundation-stone is laid,  
 And embryo-scholars wander thro' the shade;  
 Whence widely spreading thro' the smiling land,  
 Science and morals shall go hand in hand!  
 Elysian scenes! be quickly realiz'd,  
 By Caledon's improving skill devis'd,—  
 And Taylor's judgment, genius, learning, taste,  
 Taylor,—so honourable, just, and chaste;  
 The utmost stretch of bliss his heart would win,  
 "A horse's outside, and a woman's in!"  
 When such a tutor,—such a hallow'd guide  
 Shall o'er fair learning's sacred seats preside,  
 Soon a *new light* on Afric's sons shall beam;  
 Learning and virtue flow in rapid stream;

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the mess of the 83d regiment with the officers "on his having taken away four of their ten burthens!" Yet with affidavits before them of these facts, the Chaplain General of the Army, and the Selecting Prelates, have approved this man's appointment as Chaplain to the Forces at the "Mauritius!!!"

And thro' th' accumulated vices spread  
With force resistless, from "this fountain head?"  
By Caledon directed o'er the scene,  
Shall quickly wash th' *Augean stable* clean!  
Then, on the Table Mountain's frowning brow,  
While Hottentots, and Dutchmen gape below,  
In characters of gold, *nine acres long*,  
"Bright, as their wit, and as their genius, strong—"  
The names of Caledon, and Taylor grav'd,  
For Afric---civilized, enlightened, sav'd,  
To time's last doomsday shall united shine,  
Divine the patron;---and the sage, divine!  
While Fame,---her trumpet to each pole shall raise  
To Alexander's, and his Taylor's praise!

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## A SPY AND SYCOPHANT.

See next yon sombre form the canvass fill,  
With saintly *outside* veiling inward ill;  
Artful, tho' shallow; profligate, tho' grave;  
With barely wit enough—to be a knave!  
A sneaking cur—train'd from his mongrel birth,  
To fetch and carry—for his patron's mirth;  
Retailing *here*, what *there* he overheard,  
The spy, the tool, and sycophant of "BIRD!"\*  
Expert—with seeming candour to disguise  
The meanest actions by still meaner lies;  
Engrossing every "*petty place*" for pelf,  
And real friend to no man, but himself!  
With not only generous, manly feeling bless'd;  
"A cherish'd viper to th' unguarded breast!"  
His life's whole policy—th' insidious task  
To practice vice, while wearing virtue's mask;  
A sordid wretch of the Iscariot tribe,  
Who'd sell his wife, or Saviour—for a bribe!

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\* One "Christopher Bird," formerly a military man; but whose nose, "loathing the odious smell of powder," engaged in a civil capacity, as an Assistant Secretary; in which he was equally remarkable for his insouciance, duplicity, rapacity, and cowardice!!!

Treading, where honour's footsteps never trod,  
 And serving Mammon in the House of God ;  
 An hypocrite, a parasite, a tool,  
 And, just like every kindred knave—a fool !  
 These features with the ORIGINAL compare ;  
 And underneath the portrait write—"M-st-r !"

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CENSOR'S FOURTH LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD  
 OF THE SISTER KINGDOM.

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MY LORD,

It is an axiom of Sheridan's that "if any thing is amiss, a man is sure to hear of it from one d——d good-natured friend or another." Now, my Lord, the *veneration* which I have formerly expressed for your Lordship's *transcendent abilities*, leads me to hope that you will do me justice, and rank me among those favored few—not those men, my Lord, who sip chocolate with you at ———, or lounge with you at midnight, at a black-leg club, or a brothel, or who seek the elevation of a seat in your curricule, thus at once inhaling the steam of your smoking greys, basking in your notoriety, receiving the nod of the wanton ; or, what is still more pleasing to men of your enlightened sense, returning your careless smile to the execrating look of the tradesman whom you have plundered—no, my Lord, rank me rather among those "d——d good natured friends," who begin their good offices when the buzzing insects of fashion, sated with their pilferings of the day, drunk with debauchery, sink into the arms and slough of mental torpor, and leave delinquents like yourself to the horrors of reflection, to the pangs of compunction—rank me among those friends, my Lord, who whisper to you on your fretful pillow, "if any thing is amiss."

I delight in retirement, and I have long learned that



my admonitions are the more salutary being delivered in silent solemn hours, when the dying taper emits but a faint beam in the socket, when the wind lies hushed, and the bed-room air is shaken by the cricket's tread; it is then the mind of the culprit busies over the past—it is then, seeking its quiescence, the brain shoots forth a gloomy thought, and the heart, tremor stricken, pants with agony, or recoils almost from existence; in the curtain's fold sits the soul-devouring monitor—shrieking when the heavy eyelid closes, and arousing when torpor stupifies the sense; place me there, my Lord, set me on your pillow, and I will probe you even to madness.

I will delight to call upon your brow the anguished drops of mental suffering; for it is fit the guilty should suffer, and suffering such as this alone can afford you hope of future mercy, by awakening penitence, and exciting prayer. I will drop my sting into every wound, and when I see you writhe, I will exult, for I will shew thee, thou profligate voluptuary, that there is a hell here and hereafter. It is my pride to know that in my former letters, although I have named you not, the world has recognized my portrait; and know, thou idiot idolater of lascivious joys, thou senseless sensualist, learn that every secret movement of thy corrupt heart is naked to the observation of every man possessing the common powers of perception.

It is my pride to know that you have READ my former effusions, and that this will find your pillow. I know you have lately declared that you did not know such a work as “the SCOURGE” was in existence! Drivelling idiot! before my letters appeared, it was constantly seen upon your breakfast-table—it is no longer there; but it is the companion of your retirement, it is the basilisk that fascinates you, and its effects are visible upon your altered cheek. You read me when alone—at night—it is as I would have it—for solitary reflection is the most poignant—it feeds upon the hated page—it preys upon the lacerated heart.

Wretched man! you affect atheistical notions, and that with mortal dissolution the soul ends its existence; you affect to consider that we are the mere effect of natural causes, without Divine interposition; born like a summer plant, to wither without a future being; that our human life is willed by man, who is the first great cause.—Out with such profanation! Your lordship never really so believed, but juggled yourself into this weak excuse for profligacy and vice, to silence reproving conscience: now is it not a bitter pang to know there is a future state?—shakes not thy soul to know there is an hereafter, and that thou darest not feed upon the thought, for that thou art so clogged with vice that hope flies thee, as the retreating land fades before the sight of the exiled felon?

How sweet were oblivion to thee, couldst thou be nipped, like the May blossom, from the stalk, leaving no mortal or immortal trace behind!—Death were indeed welcome—but to die, to rot, to moulder, to go no one knows where; to have thy grave trampled on by the laboring hind, and thy name coupled with the infamous Col. Chartres; this is too much for thy philosophy, too much for thy scepticism; and although thou doubtest, yet conviction flashes cross thy brain, as scorpions sting exciting madness.

I have already, my Lord, furnished you with a few anecdotes selected from your notorious life; and they have produced every effect I could have reasonably expected from so confirmed a sensualist, so profligate a man—they have not made you less debauched either in principle or practice; but they have shaken your stubborn breast by recollections of the past, and rendered your dreams uneasy—they have not made you appear less before the public; but they have made the contemplation of yourself dreadful—they have awakened pangs which may probably shake your sceptical doubts—they have ruffled that broad and vacant stare, which has long defied stricture, and smiled at execration—they have rooted

out much of that brazen gaiety, which has so often put virtue to the blush, and planted in its stead a settled solemn gloom, indicating the fever of a restless heart laboring with its diseases: these have been the effects of my former communications, which have stimulated the present, and founded the hope that the sufferings excited by the sting of shame will awaken compunction, remorse, and lead to reformation.

But, whatever may be the result, I am not to be shaken from my moral purpose—I castigate to reclaim, and if I fail it is not from the feebleness of my rod; but that it is applied to brass, to adamant, insensible to impression and abandoned of Heaven. Go to your chamber, my Lord; sit you down in that hour of awful gloom, when the night air tremulates before the morning beam; sit you down a bankrupt in every thing—alone, jaded with the day's debauch—your tongue roof-clefted by parching liquors—your brain maddened with fever—your heart palsied by those wretched thoughts which will obtrude in such privacy—then, my Lord, con over the following lesson, and when you have done, seek your pillow's security from the poignant throes of conscience, and sleep soundly if you can. I will not envy you your triumph; but I will pause, to wonder at the phenomenon which nature has animated as a scourge to man. She has planted promethean fire in a figure of brass, the idol of the devil, to shew us how wonderful are her works.

When your lordship was designated only as the Hon. Mr. ———, it happened that indulging rather too freely in every species of vicious propensity, upon a very slender income, you was under the necessity of devising a variety of expedients to keep up your purse; for although you never scrupled to incur debts, and enrol your name in every tradesman's ledger credulous enough to become your dupe, yet money was necessary to purchase for you several pleasures which could not be obtained upon credit. Now, your lordship must perfectly well remember



that all the funds you could by any stratagem raise, were not adequate to those purposes independent of your creditors: and being convicted of certain misdemeanors, which the illiberal censured, without scruple to decorum, it was deemed adviseable that you should retire from London for a season until time had blunted *several charges* brought against you, affecting what?—Nay, my Lord, your ———; thus circumstanced, you was reduced to the necessity of changing your name, of vegetating upon a very slender pittance in obscurity, and seeking that obscurity in a village in Devonshire. You was fortunate enough to get a recommendation to a very worthy clergyman, with whom you were to board, and with a mind somewhat broken by disgrace, and clouded by poverty, you entered their little mansion of peace with no more wardrobe than would suit an humble man. One hundred and eighty miles from the metropolis, shut out from an intercourse with those men of your own bad habits, more congenial to your taste than the virtuous simplicity of a retired life, a melancholy seemed settling upon your brow, which it was the effort of those who surrounded you to relieve; they pitied the apparent anguish of your heart—they knew not the cause, or they would have shuddered—they knew not the man, or they would have turned away as from a pestilence—they were left to learn the corruption that was near them, and embrace their ruin ere they could distinguish the dissembling front of guilt, from the soft, the playful smile of innocence and virtue. I shall conceal the name of this ill-fated family, from motives which even you, my Lord, in the plenitude of your infamy, must appreciate; because, as their griefs are long since forgotten, I would neither disturb the dead or wound the living by retrospection. The name I shall assume for them will be Williams; and oh, would that the truths I utter, could purchase for the survivor one gleaming hour of joy, one lucid ray of comfort!

In a remote village in Devonshire lived, upon a small curacy, the Rev. Mr. Williams, a man of unaffected piety, the pastor of a very limited flock. The pleasant village of ——— was remote from cities, and far removed from towns of opulence or size. Its vicinage was not clothed with noble mansions, or extended grounds encircled by park palings, but wore the more modest livery of corn fields and grass land; nor were the manners of the husbandmen corrupted by the vices which prevail in populous districts—they were not free from guile, for the infirmity of man is every where; but they were less tainted, being less exposed to idleness and corrupt influence. Curst was the hour that saw your lordship transplanted to that honest soil, that saw you embosomed in a secluded family, a family armed not against the insidious vices of the metropolis.

Old Williams was a widower, the father of three children, grown up to man and womanhood, when you first appeared among them. John and Stephen, his two sons, managed the farm which the venerable man had rented to increase his means. Maria was his only daughter and his housekeeper, his youngest child, and in her 17th year. That grief which characterized the first few weeks of your lordship's seclusion, excited an interest for you in the bosoms of the whole family, which drew Maria nearer to you in little attentions than probably ever would have been the case under different circumstances. Feeling for you with all that virtuous commiseration which characterizes generous and inexperienced youth, the maiden laid herself open to your abandoned plans without ever suspecting the depravity of your nature, or the hypocrisy of your heart. Her father—with a simplicity coincident with his seclusion, whose precept and example flowed from a purity untinged by art, or elevated above the common channel of virtuous and fair dealing, made his own bosom the compass of his worldly knowledge, and judging of other men by his

own actuating impulses, he saw no source of fear for his child, his mind never dwelt upon seduction, it was a crime too heinous for contemplation, it was hardly known in his ecclesiastical territory, and he only dwelt on what was probable, not on what was possible.

It remained for your lordship to undeceive him, it remained for you to tear away the veil from his human eyes, and moisten them with tears of blood. Calling on that God, in whom you affect to disbelieve, to answer to the truth of your declarations, to witness to your vows, your impious perjuries—you seduced the wretched girl, who confided in your solemn promise of linking with her in holy wedlock—yes, you triumphed over her chastity; and while you was continually reiterating your *honourable* views, you wrote the following letter to a friend in London. I have that letter, my Lord, it is in existence.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,

Why do you not write to me on every occasion, acquainting me with all the topics of metropolitan discussion. It is an age since I have heard from you, and buried in this secluded spot, I take such an omission as a direliction of what you owe me on the score of friendly interest—indeed life would be scarcely tolerable, locked up as I am with an old prig of a parson, surrounded by a set of country boors,—if it were not for a very sweet girl, the daughter of the old boy, who by the bye, is in a fair way of presenting him with a grandson—I say again, if it were not for her, life would not be supportable; and she begins to be troublesome, for the increase of her size brings with it an increase of her fears and intreaties; and it is absolutely necessary that I get her away from here, and get rid of her altogether—you must positively assist me in this exploit, or I know not what will be the consequence—for the idiot lumpkins of this place, should they discover the affair, will certainly treat me with as little ceremony as though I were one of their equals, and had not the least particle of gentlemanly blood in my veins: and I have already satisfied all my inclinations with regard to her; she would very well suit a young student, or an old batchelor; is in good trim, and possesses many recom-



mendations. I can warrant her sound. You must positively set this thing in train, and may expect her in a stage or two. Write me by return of post, and particularly how the arrangement of my affairs goes on. What has my brother done? I believe I shall be tempted to wait no longer, and as this affair with the old man's daughter, I fear, cannot be well hushed up, and it becomes dangerous my remaining where I am, do not be surprised at my braving London dangers, and speedily paying you a visit ; but be mum as to my intentions.

Yours, &c.

Such, my Lord, could you write beneath the roof of your hospitable indulgent host—such of a poor deluded female, whose only fault was listening to the wretch, her betrayer, and believing implicitly in his solemn vows—there are those who will smile and give your Lordship credit for your address, who will say it was adroitly done, but they are a despicable tribe, and undeserving of remark. It is truth, that Maria knew her state, and was scarcely capable of dissembling her shape; indeed, had her father possessed half that penetration which is almost the natural property of every man, he could not fail to have discovered his daughter's shame and his own dishonor—but he loved his child, he esteemed his friend, for so he thought you, and suspicion never entered his guileless bosom. But the denouement was approaching—you sought the earliest opportunity of prevailing upon the luckless victim of your lust to elope—she remonstrated and pleaded her father—you importuned, implored—you knew you could not beat your retreat without her privacy, or you would *honorably* have deserted her, wholly, and without scruple! As it was, it was necessary you should gain your point, and under the plea of marrying her in London, and returning with her to her father in a fortnight, you succeeded in forcing her inclination from her paternal roof. To review all the insidious arts you practised to accomplish your detestable purposes, would be to swell this communication into unnecessary and te-

dious length. You succeeded, too fatally succeeded! You arrived in London with your broken-hearted charge, grief-stricken, but supported by the hope of soon appearing before her father as a wife, and wiping away the tear which her temporary and unlooked-for absence had occasioned. How were your lordship's thoughts busied—had you no pang at heart?—was all smooth and unruffled within? You waited upon your friend Sir John ———, and advised with him upon the subject; but you found difficulties to impede your sudden disposal of Maria, which you had not calculated upon—your own disgrace was not wiped away, retirement was still necessary, and caution demanded that you neither revealed yourself, or came to a hasty separation with your victim, lest it should lead to detection. My Lord, you took lodgings in Old Brompton, under the assumed name of ———, the name you had made use of in Devonshire. You amused the wretched Maria with promises never to be performed, to ease that labouring heart under the severe impressions of its guilt, and beating with the fervency of filial love for the father whom she had deserted. But oh, that father, what were his pangs! Discovering, too late, the serpent that had stung him, fretted to frantic grief and anguish, he hastened to London—he flew with a parent's love to rescue a ruined child from infamy, and visited the haunts of vice in vain, hoping to rescue her. He advertised—Do you remember, my Lord, that horrid morning when the paper at the hour of breakfast, met the wretched daughter's gaze? Lives in your bosom the memory of that shriek—piercing, and death-like as though body and soul were parting?—Oh! what a heart was that could witness such a cry, and feel no compunctious throe! How must that bosom be steeled against human suffering which could witness the scene of that morning, and still plot further ruin!

Alas! she was borne in a state of insensibility to her bed, and soon gave premature birth to an infant, who

but opened his eyes upon his mother's sufferings, and closed them for ever. Your lordship's apathy was not aroused by this last calamity, nor your pity excited—the father advertised in vain: Maria was too seriously ill to see or communicate with him; and she recovered only to endure fresh misery—the misery of knowing that he had breathed his last—that he had fallen a martyr to his parental feelings, and that she herself had directed the death-blow at his heart! Not for all the wealth of the Peruvian world, my Lord, would I have had the death of this good old man upon my soul; for not all the tears that Christian saints should shed, could have blotted out the stain—instruments of death are not alone necessary to assassination, but he who stabs is merciful, by comparison with murder such as this—so contrived—so subtly executed. Your lordship's affairs were now suddenly arranged, the moment was arrived when you could throw off the shackle that bound you; and what was the honorable expedient—you transferred the luckless Maria to your friend Sir John, who had been captivated by her charms—you made a sale and barter of her—and left her without noticing your intentions, or intimating any thing of Sir John; you left her, and that evening she first became apprised of your villainy, of the real name of her profligate seducer.

What became of this poor female, I may probably notice hereafter; but here, my Lord, I shall conclude with you for the present—but let not your eye-balls flash with rage; the sparks from your eye will but light up the fire of mine—I fear not your anger, I dread not your rage; I shall yet expose your villainies, and corrode your hours of rest.

Yours, &c.

CENSOR.



## THE REVIEWER.—No. XIX.

*Intercepted Letters, or the Two-penny Post Bag. To which are added, Trifles reprinted. By Thomas Brown the Younger. J. Carr, p. 111. price 5s. 6d.*

THIS amusing volume has been variously ascribed, by some to Anacreon Moore, others to George Colman the younger; and we think with stronger claims to attention, it bears about it much of the wit of the latter gentleman, much of the epigrammatic point characterising his productions. It is of course needless to observe that Mr. Thomas Brown the younger is only a time-serving name. Whoever is the author, however high his fame in the poetic calendar, it will not suffer by an avowal of this production written in a strain of good-humored satire no less poignant than elegant, and flowing in the most tuneful strains of poesy.

The preface informs us that "the bag from which the following letters are selected, was dropped by a two-penny post-man about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the society for the S—p—ss—n of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the researches of that institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble." But it appears that the bag upon close examination was not found to contain the *materials* so eagerly searched after—for instead of an exposition of the vices of the middling and lower orders of society, it tore away the veil from before the *upper regions*, and lay open the profligacy of princes, dukes, and lords—persons wholly without the pales of their jurisdiction—and to expose which to the multitude would be absolute profanation, and a dereliction of *good breeding*. Thus the contents of the two-penny post bag were restored to their station, and handed over to the pious Mr. H—tch—d, who eventually sold them to a friend of the author.

Having accounted in this manner for the epistolary

part of his book, the author proceeds that he "did not think it prudent to give too many letters at first, and accordingly (*was*) have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals"—a sphere to which he says his poetical flights had hitherto been confined, never having tried the strength of his wing higher than the limits of their columns. If his declaration that he did not think it prudent *to give too many letters at first*, will bear out the interpretation that he means to give us another volume, we shall certainly wait its appearance with something like anxiety, satisfied that there is much fair game in view, and that Mr. Thomas Brown the younger, having evinced himself a good sportsman on the present occasion, will be sure to bring it down on any future one.

Letter I. is stated to be from the Pr-nc-ss Ch—l—e of W—s to the Lady B—rb—a A—shl—y, a Roman catholic young lady, who had presented her with some beautiful ponies.—These said ponies are suspected by the sapient advisers of the Regent to be tinctured with that unwholesome faith, and to have been given for the purpose of subverting the protestant religion.

" Lord Eld-n first heard---and as instantly prayed he  
To God and his king---that a Popish young lady  
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,  
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,  
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks  
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their tricks."

His lordship, full of alarm, flies to the Regent, a council is called, and

" The doctor and he, the devout man of leather,  
V-ns-tt--t, now laying their saint-heads together,  
Declare that these skittish young abominations  
Are clearly foretold in Chap. VI. Revelations—  
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one  
Which the doctor's friend *Death* was to canter upon !"

Lord H-rr-w-by

“Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,  
That had these said creatures been *Asses* not Ponies,  
The court would have started no sort of objection,  
As *Asses* were *there* always sure of protection.”

Lord C-stler—gh noticing the determination of the princess to keep her ponies, proposes “*the new VETO snaffle*,

“Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,  
(Adds his lordship humanely) or else breaks their necks!”

This proposal meets with general approbation

“From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause  
Had a vigor about it which soon reconciled,  
Even Eld-n himself to a measure so mild.”

The letter concludes with a very happy allusion to the restricted intercourse between the princess and her royal mother.

Letter II. is from Col. M'M—h—n to G—ld F—nc—s L—kie, Esq. on his book, reviewed by the Edinburgh Reviewers, full of playful satire, delivered in a neat versification. He says,

All that can well be understood  
In this said book, is vastly good ;  
And as to what's incomprehensible,  
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your works immortal credit—  
The P—e, good Sir, the P—e has read it,  
(The only book, himself remarks,  
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's) ;  
Last levee morn he looked it through  
During that awful hour or two  
Of grave tonsorial preparation,  
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,  
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum  
The best-wigg'd P——e in Christendom !

Letter III. is from G. R—— to the E—— of Y——, written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H——. It begins,



We missed you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"  
 Who gave us as usual the cream of good dinners—  
 His soups scientific—his fishes quite prime—  
 His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!  
 In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a  
 Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E——gh,  
 Who *set-to*, to be'sure, with miraculous force,  
 And exclaimed, between mouthfulls, "a He Cook of course,  
 While you live—(what's there under that cover, pray, look ?)  
 While you live—(I'll just taste it) ne'er keep a She-Cook ;  
 'Tis a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast)  
 Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast ;  
 For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)  
 Like Masonry never found out by a woman."

The dinner is said, in the following lines, to have been  
 given in compliment to the *writer's* triumph over the  
 Hunts, and

"A compliment too to his lordship the J——e,  
 For his speech to the J——y, and, zounds ! who would grudge  
 Turtle soup, though it came to five guineas the bowl,  
 To reward such a loyal and *complaisant* soul ?

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T——rh—t  
 In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit  
 And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary chief,  
 Say,—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef ;  
 Tommy whispered him, (giving his lordship a sly hit,)  
 "I fear 'twill be *hung* beef, my lord, if *you try* it."

When the dinner was over, we drank, ev'ry one,  
 In a bumper, the venial delights of crim. com.  
 At which H——t with warm reminiscences gloated,  
 And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted."

Letter IV. from the Right Hon. P-tr-ck D-g-n to the  
 Right Hon. Sir J-hn N-ch-l, is less happy in its hits  
 than those from which we have quoted ; but is far from  
 failure either in wit or poesy.

Letter V. from the Countess Dowager of C—— to  
 Lady ——, complains of the difficulty of collecting  
 the swarm of fashion to her proposed rout.

" But I can't conceive, how in this very cold weather,  
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;  
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,  
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet.

But my dear Lady ——— ! can't you hit on some notion,  
At least for one night to set London in motion?  
As to having the R-g-nt—that show is gone by—  
Besides, I've remarked that (between you and I)  
The MARCHESA and he inconvenient in more ways,  
Have taken much lately to *whispering in door-ways*,  
Which considering you know, dear, the *size of the two*  
*Makes a block that one's company cannot get through*,  
And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,  
Has no room for such *cumbersome* love-work at all!"

Letter VI. from Abdallah in London, to Mohassan in Ispahan, is extremely well written, full of point, and happy in allusion; its sarcasm is chiefly directed against the opposers of religious liberty.—The author in a note remarks " how Abdallah's letter to Ispahan found its way into the twopenny-post-bag, is more than I can pretend to account for."

Letter VII. is from Mess. L-ck-gt-n and Co. to ——— Esq. with a note declaring, that from motives of *fellow feeling*, he suppresses the name of the author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in the letter.

We before observed that playfulness and good-humor are the principal characteristics of these effusions; they are poignant, but bear a honey in their sting, healing while they lacerate. Now while we are by no means desirous of detracting from Thomas Brown the younger's great merit, we could have wished him to have pressed a little more caustic into his quill, and to have dwelt with more severity on the modern empirical system of book-making, or vamping: we could have almost worshipped the strongest efforts of his pen, in creating wounds and probing the sufferer to the quick, not that we delight in

wounding, but that the evil is of too strong a growth to be cut down by sallies of mirthful satire, or rooted out but by the vigor of irony, the very severity of sarcasm. After stating their opinion that the work will not do, they are made to say,

“ However, Sir—if you’re for trying again,  
And at somewhat that’s vendible we are your men.  
Since the Chevalier Carr took to marrying lately,  
The trade is in want of a traveller greatly—  
No job, Sir, more easy—your country once planned,  
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land  
Puts your quarto of travels clean out of hand.  
An East India pamphlet’s a thing that would tell—  
And a lick at the Papists is sure to sell well.  
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do,  
The deuce is in’t, Sir, if you cannot *review*.  
Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,  
We’ve a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc-tt, you must know,  
(Who, we’re sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,)  
Having quitted the borders, to seek new renown,  
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town,  
And beginning with Rokeby (the job’s sure to pay)  
Means to *do* all the gentlemen’s seats on the way,  
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat  
him,)  
To start a fresh *poet* through Highgate to *meet* him;  
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches,  
May do a few villas before Sc-tt approaches—  
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursed shabby,  
He’ll reach, without foundering, at least WOBURN ABBEY.  
Such, Sir, is our plan—if you’re up to the freak,  
’Tis a match, and we’ll put you *in training* next week,  
At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a  
Line will oblige very much

Yours, *et cetera*.

*Temple of the Muses.*”

Letter VIII. is an invitation from Col. T—m-s to  
———, Esq. to the grand fete on the 5th of Fe-



bruary, at C——n H——e. After exhorting him to come blazing with *rouge*, and in his *pea-green* coat, he concludes :

“This festive fête, in fact, will be  
 The former fête's *fac simile*,\*  
 The same long masquerade of rooms,  
 Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,  
 (These, P-rt-r, are thy glorious works)  
 You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,  
 Bearing good taste some deadly malice,  
 Had clubbed to raise a pic-nic palace,  
 And each to make the oglio pleasant,  
 Had sent the state-room as a present—  
 The same *fautenils* and girandoles—  
 The same gold Asses,† pretty souls !  
 That in this rich and classic dome,  
 Appear so perfectly at home !  
 The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,  
 But *not*—ah ! not the same dear fishes—  
 Late hours and claret killed the old ones !  
 So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,  
 (It being rather hard to raise,  
 Fish of that *specie* now a-days,)  
 Some *sprats* have been by Y-rm---th's wish  
 Promoted into silver fish ;  
 And gudgeons, (so Vansittart told  
 The Regent) are as good as *gold* !  
 So pr'ythee come, our fête will be  
 But half a fête, if wanting thee.

J. T.”

The author's satire is hardly conveyed in these lines ; it does not appear but by attentive reading, and the dull spouter who gives a jingle to the rhyme by recitation similar to the regular beat of musical bells, would de-

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\* C ——n H —— will exhibit a complete *fac simile* in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last fete. The same splendid draperies, &c.

*Morning Post.*

† The salt-cellar on the Prince's *own* table were in the form of an ass with panniers.

prive them of their edge. We do not consider this an egregious fault, far from it—the author has only made a sacrifice to his good nature. “Trifles reprinted” have been already before the public: thus we shall not be tempted to analyze them so closely as we have found it our duty with regard to the letters; but we cannot take leave of this little work, without noticing the article, Horace, Ode xi. Lib. 11, *freely translated* by G—— R——, and said to be extracted from a work, some time or other, intended to meet the public eye, under the title of “Odes of Horace, done into English, by several Persons of Fashion.” Let us say with Shakspeare,

“If ’twere well done, when ’twere done, then ’twere done well, if done quickly.”

The ode before us is a good guarantee, and as it cannot but be acceptable to the reader, we shall take the liberty of extracting it, omitting the Latin lines of Horace placed immediately beneath.

“Come, Y-rm---th, my boy, never trouble your brains  
About what your old croney,  
The Emperor Bony,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy’s plains;

“Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in,  
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

“Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;  
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,  
And then people get fat,  
And infirm, and—all that,  
And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,  
That it frightens the little loves out of their wits.

“Thy whiskers, too, Yarmouth, alas! even they,  
Though so rosy they burn,  
Too quickly must turn,  
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to GREY.

"Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget  
Your mind about matters you don't understand?

Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,  
Because "*you*" forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better  
Than scribbling a letter,  
(Which both you and I  
Should avoid, by the bye,)

How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust  
Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a new one;  
While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me just  
As the ghost in the pantomime frowns at Don Juan.

"To crown us, Lord Warden!  
In C-mb-rl-nd's garden  
Grows plenty of *monk's-hood* in venomous sprigs;  
While otto of roses  
Refreshing our poses  
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

"What youth of the Household will cool our noyeau  
In that streamlet delicious,  
That down midst the dishes,  
All full of good fishes  
Romantic doth flow?—  
Or who will repair  
To M———r S——e,

And see if the gentle Marchesa be there?

"Go—bid her haste hither,  
And let her bring with her,  
The newest no-popery sermon that's going—  
Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,  
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,  
In the manner of Ackermann's dresses for May."

An appendix concludes the volume, the principal feature of which is extracts from the rejected manuscript said to be enclosed in the letter of Messrs. L-ck-t-n and Co. entitled "*THE BOOK*," a melo-drama in two acts, the whole plot of which is laid before the reader humorously enough. "The first act opens in a very awful





But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R--G----T,  
So, hope you'll excuse yours, till death, most obedient."

The mystery is explained; the R-g-nt smiles, and the drama concludes happily.

The Two-penny Post-Bag has in a few weeks arrived at a FIFTH EDITION! no mean criterion of its merit, and which speaks more forcibly in its praise than all that we can offer.

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#### ON THE PERFECTION OF THE PRESENT AGE.

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SIR,

It was with great satisfaction that I read the article of your correspondent P. on the pretended scarcity of money, as the line of argument that he has so ingeniously adopted, and the facts he adduces, concur to demonstrate what it has always been my favorite object to maintain and elucidate, the superiority of the present age and of the British nation, over all preceding periods of time, and over every ancient or contemporary people.

It would be endless, Sir, to descant on the various discoveries that have been made in the more dignified subjects of human speculation, on our progress in religion, government and letters. Wonderful have been the changes and improvements in every department of theology, legislation, and learning. Scarcely a year has elapsed since Dr. Adam Clarke announced to believing multitudes, that Eve was seduced by an Ourang Outang; Mr. Leckie has proved beyond the possibility of scepticism, that a despotic government is most favorable to the freedom and happiness of the people; and a paper now before me announces a visit of the Prince Regent to his library, for the purpose of inspecting certain manuscripts remarkable only for being "*curiously ille-*

gible." If you have any doubts, Mr. Editor, of the extension of piety, look at the number and convenience of the various chapels of ease, erected in the vicinity of the western squares, at the plausible manners, spruce attire and well-bred volubility of the preacher; at the crowded pews, and extended row of carriages, that grace the entrance to the place of worship. You will not deny, I presume, the absence from the preacher's views of all vain and selfish considerations, or the presence, in his hearers, of the most sincere and unaffected piety. You will not suspect the former of vanity and avarice, nor accuse the latter of converting the House of God into a fashionable lounge, that supplies on Sunday the place of the auction-room, or the Park: the resort of beauty panting for display, and of lewdness marking out its victims.

Among the proofs of a favored nation, pre-eminent in religious faith above the other people of the earth, may be numbered the multiplicity of prophets. From St. George's Fields to Stationers-hall, and from Stationers-hall to Kensington, the public is delighted and instructed by a race of soothsayers, who behold in visions the fate of broomsticks, and witness the daily providence of God in the making or mending of sacred *small-clothes*. In what language can a grateful nation sufficiently testify its homage to the *protegee* of Carpenter, who is inspired with a knowledge of the time when *marrowbones* shall be cheapest; or to the sage and veracious Huntingdon, who contemplates the heavenly regions under the type of a taylor's shop-board, and represents the Angel Gabriel as an errand-boy, whose sole-employment is to bring home the various articles of apparel wanted by his earthly master?

Of our advancement in the art of government, having the fear of the Attorney-general before my eyes, I shall refrain from speaking, and gladly turn to the numerous and striking evidence that every hour produces of our im-



provement in every department of literature. Until the present century, Sir, it was supposed, that to claim the suffrage of literary criticism, required some small pretensions to learning and assiduity; that the art of verse was laborious and difficult; only to be attempted with success, after long preparation, and by men accustomed to the contemplation of nature, and the study of their predecessors. But the practice of the present age has utterly exploded all these futile and ridiculous prepossessions. Epic poems are now written with as much celerity as they are printed; and a favorite of the modern muses has nothing to do but to retire to the country-seat of some accommodating friend, scribble nonsense at the rate of three hundred lines a day, and return to the London market, at the end of the season, with all the honors and all the profits of a first-rate poet. A dozen quartos and sixty-five octavos in the course of ten years, is the moderate complement of a successful versifier. Nor is it in the line of poetry alone that the same happy dispensation from the ancient requisites is observable. The same privilege extends to every description of literary manufacture. Lives of Wolsey are compiled by individuals who cannot write their native language; editions of our standard poets are sent into the world beneath the superintendence of men who have not read the text that it becomes their duty to elucidate; and travels to the sources of the Ohio related with all the simplicity of truth, by men who never wandered beyond the sound of Bow-bell.

In former times, the estimation in which books were held, was in proportion to their literary value. The works of Milton were regarded as more worthy a place in the library of the scholar and the gentleman than those of Settle, and competition encouraged the exertions of genius and assiduity. But in this enlightened age, new sources of pleasure, of envy, and of competition have been discovered; and the trivial consideration of

literary value has no influence over the biddings of the collectors of libraries. The question is not now whether the work that is put up for sale be *Paradise Lost*, or *Sally in our Alley*; but *how scarce is it?* *is there another copy in existence?* *in what year was it printed?* or what is the state of the frontispiece, and the appearance of the catch-words? The sums that were formerly spent in the encouragement of legitimate talent, are squandered on worm-eaten copies of Boccaccio, and thousands of pounds expended on imperfect and illegible copies of works, that are now reposing in all the splendor of modern printing and binding in the libraries of those very purchasers.

In all that respects the convenience of life, the decoration of the person, or the improvement of manners, the pre-eminence of the present age cannot justly be disputed. The parlour now communicates with the kitchen without the intervention of bells; the use of scullions and cook-maids is almost superseded by self-moving spits, and apparatus to boil without the use of fire; the operations of housebreakers and incendiaries are facilitated to an unexpected and unparalleled degree by the invention of machines for producing instantaneous light; and by the blessing of Providence, every midnight robber or assassin may now explore his way in undisturbed security.

That we are at length arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of personal decoration, is attested by the advertisements in which the discoverers and labourers in ornamental hair, artificial whiskers, elastic stays, and patent tops, communicate the result of their industry and experience. In toupees and perriwigs Mr. Ross has attained the "acme" of perfection, "that gives elegance to youth, and dignity to age." We have Russian oil, that will cause the most barren head to luxuriate in the profusion of abundant vegetation, and depilatories that by a single application will deprive a bear of its fur, and a lion of its mane. Experiments have been lately made with Prince's Russia Oil on the hides of Mr. Polito's elephants; and, strange to say, they are now completely

clothed with a hairy covering more than sufficient to defend them against the inclemency of an English winter.

I need scarcely enumerate, in addition to the preceding catalogue, "Perpetual Broad Cloth," that equally defies the power of water and of time; a newly-invented description of Clogs, that have been designated by a Greek name, and are declared to combine the "elasticity of pumps," with the "adamantine impenetrability of water-proof boots;" or the folding hats, that may be compressed from the full expansion of a chapeau de bras into a morning hat, or a pair of mourning gloves; more especially as these inventions are about to be superseded by a patent for clothing the human body with a covering derived from its own material. Messrs. Prince and De Chemant are just preparing to announce the discovery of a process by which the human skin will be brought to yield a warm and luxuriant fur, sufficiently exuberant and elastic to preserve the body from the approaches of cold, and to yield materials for every extraneous appendage in the catalogue of hats, shoes, stockings, and galligaskins.

But it is in the science of medicine that the superiority of the present age is most decisive and conspicuous. Till the present happy millennium of health and immortality, mankind were subjected to the *unpleasant* necessity of submitting to the decrees of death, and resigning this mortal existence to the conquering power of fever or debility. But the period has at length arrived in which the grave has lost its former terrors; in which the consumptive may laugh at the warnings of dissolution, and the most enfeebled victim of the gout or the scurvy look forward to a long enjoyment of terrestrial immortality. Henceforward let no man so far forget the dignity of human nature as to make a will, or condescend to become the prey of worms and undertakers. When infallible remedies for every disorder that can afflict the human frame, are to be found at every corner of the streets; when Godbold proclaims that consumption has lost its terrors, and Georgi assures us that the gout is the bug-bear of



superannuated priests, and nervous dowagers, who would be so foolish as to die, or so utterly destitute of common consideration as to labour for a single moment under the torment of the ague, the tooth-ache, or the rheumatism?

You must be well aware, Mr. Editor, from your own observation and experience, that the preceding are only a very few out of the innumerable instances that might be adduced to prove the intellectual perfection of the present generation; nor can I forbear from anticipating the time when every invention shall be so perfect, and every department of mechanical, pictorial and literary labour so perfectly fulfilled, that but little room shall be left for the ridicule or animadversion of the SCOURGE. As you may be disposed, however, to rest your claims for future support on the necessity or advantage of your moral strictures; and as morality is not always synonymous with religion, it yet remains that I should convince your readers and yourself of our superiority to every former generation in every moral and domestic virtue. My limits, however, remind me that I have already trespassed sufficiently on your patience; and I shall therefore reserve so important a task to a separate communication. L—.

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### THE DEVIL'S DARLINGS.

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AT a meeting of the Devil's Darlings' society, held at their club-house, Dyot-street, St. Giles's, on Saturday the 17th inst. the minutes of the last meeting being read,

Mr. BARLEYCORN rose and addressed the chairman in nearly the following words :

" Mr. Chairman—I rise, Sir, with a great deal of deference to your authority, and not without that embarrassment natural to my countrymen; but, Sir, previous to the confirmation of the minutes just read, I feel that I should not be doing my duty as a member of this honourable society if I did not rise to oppose in every stage any measure likely to injure the interests of our body and

those of the individual members. (*hear ! hear !*) Hum, hum—I say, Sir, I should not be doing my duty. It is with real grief I have just heard that at the last meeting the members were taken *by surprise*—I was unfortunately not in my place. But, Sir, I repeat, the members were taken by surprise, and gave their vote for the admission of a member of very *doubtful* principles—one by no means eligible to the enviable honor conferred upon him. The members will immediately perceive I allude to the admission of a lord ! a lord—the Lord knows what, or who, but a huge feeder, and a great speaker. (*Hear ! hear ! from both sides of the house.*) The gentlemen may cry hear ! hear ! but they had better keep their necks out of the halter. This lord was a Judge, (*“ a Judge ! from all parts ;*) yes, gentlemen, a Judge—it has been the hard fate of many of our brethren to be convicted before him ; many have suffered, and in all probability many will still suffer the severities of the law, condemned by the proposed candidate, (*a general murmur.*) Mr. Speaker—I wish, Sir, to direct the attention of gentlemen to the dangers that threaten them ; I wish them to avoid the end of all human actions\* as long as possible ; we know we must come to it at last, and we are prepared to die, but not by the hands of treachery ; (*hear ! hear !*) and what must we expect by admitting this LAW lord among us—what but destruction ?—shall we not admit the enemy into our capitol ?—shall we not give up to him the keys of our safety and our future security ?—let gentlemen ponder well before they come to this dangerous resolution, and be wise ere it be too late. (Here the hon. gentleman was interrupted by loud and repeated cheers, and for a time was prevented resuming ; he likewise betrayed symptoms of fatigue, and was so far exhausted as to be under the necessity of resorting to the exhilarating effects of a delightful mixture called gin and twopenny.) He resumed—

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\* The gallows, according to the interpretation of the society.

"I will not detain the house any longer by my imperfect remarks, satisfied there are many gentlemen waiting to deliver their opinion, who can much more forcibly point out the obnoxious effects of the present measure than I can. I therefore beg leave to move that as much of the minutes of the last meeting as relate to the admission of his lordship be expunged from the journals of this house." The hon. gentleman sat down amid the loud shouts of the opposition members.

Mr. PADDY BLUESKIN, and Mr. DONALD, the gauger, rose at the same instant, and a little altercation ensued; but the speaker, Mr. BILLY the Badger, declared in favour of Mr. PADDY BLUESKIN.

"Sure nothing, Mr. Speaker, could be more odious than the allusions of the gentleman just sat down—blood and thunder, Sir, it is seldom in this place that we hear such coarse arguments, such false calculations, and such illiberal suspicions—death and d——n, Sir! are we to be continually reminded of what we must all come to—fire and fury! has not the right hon. lord proved himself worthy of us?—has he not adopted certain little *natural* and harmonious phrases, which are our characteristics; and may we not reasonably hope that in a short period of time he will become an honourable and *useful* member of our fraternity? The arguments of the hon. gentleman on the opposition bench are perfectly new—it is new to be told that the great public functionaries are not as great th—s as we are, perfectly new—but, gentlemen, it will be a long time before I can be brought to believe in such a fallacy. No, no, we are all th—s, high and low; we differ only in the *practice*, and it is a great satisfaction to me, and must be so to this house, to find that so great a man as the right hon. lord in question has adopted our *manners*; for it affords a reasonable hope that he will *favor* our plans, if not absolutely *concur* in our *expedients*."

*Hear, hear*, from the treasury bench; *loud and repeated cheerings*. Mr. Paddy Blueskin was about to proceed, when a member, whose name we could not learn, moved



the standing order, that strangers be excluded. A violent altercation immediately ensued. Tobacco ashes were blown about the room, gin and beer were tossed about without regard to the price of those articles. Mr. Speaker declared he was bound to comply with the motion of the worthy member, and strangers were accordingly ordered to withdraw.

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### THE ADVENTURES OF A BANK NOTE.

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I WAS born in Threadneedle-street, and first committed to the world through the medium of a celebrated dentist, a dabbler in stock, and not less expert in disburthening the ducks of the alley of their cash than in depriving his patients of their teeth. On our arrival in —— place I was consigned to a cabinet, the usual repository of my possessor's wealth, and might still have continued to repose among many hundreds of my brethren had not a handsome young creature, who had supplied for several successive nights the place of Mrs. ——, snatched me, along with many others, from the heap, and between jest and earnest placed me in her bosom. Here I reposed in all the luxury attached to so tempting a situation, till the close of the day, when my fair owner having obtained her dismissal, hastened on the wings of love and expectation, to her Adonis of Dyott-street. The bowl went round, and before the morning I became the property of the landlord, who sent me in the course of the following day in payment of a penalty incurred for suffering his customers to play at skittles. The gentleman who received me was a member of the society for the suppression of vice, and had been a principal agent in the prosecution and conviction. He passed me the next morning at the Key in Chandos-street to a fair *demure* whom he accompanied from the tabernacle: and by her

I was transmitted to the parish clerk and attorney-general of St. —, a gentleman equally expert in the preparation of acts of parliament, in the collection of parochial rates, and in brow-beating and insulting every parishioner who hints the propriety of guarding against official error or peculation by regular accounts. He had defended my fair possessor against the ejectment of a landlord who had interfered with his multifarious designs for the good of the parish, and had lent her considerable sums, of which I was included in the repayment. Scarcely had Mr. — received me before I was transferred to the possession of the Rev. Mr. —, the delight of all the godly in the neighbourhood of the Obelisk, a man of *great power* and *wonderful wrestling*. He conveyed me without loss of time to the shop of — and Co. in — court, where having selected a bundle of edifying books, among which were the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, and the *Cabinet of Love*, I was transferred from the pocket of the Rev. Gentleman to the till of “the cheapest booksellers in London.” Here while I reposed during the afternoon, for I found that they were much more ready to receive money than to pay it, I was equally surprized and entertained by the various conversations among the partners respecting the manufacture of fictitious bills, and indecent publications. Were I not afraid, Mr. Editor, that in these extraordinary times even a bank note might be guilty of libel, I could lay open to the public scenes more singular, if not more important than were ever submitted to the public view by the Duke of York’s Investigation, or the Delicate Inquiry.

In the course of the next morning I was conveyed in the form of a *douceur* to Miss Fanny Spriggs, a young lady of five and thirty, the fair authoress of the *Secret History*, and purveyor general of scandal and satire to the publishers of new and fashionable novels. Having obtained her education in Lord Moira’s kitchen, she was of course peculiarly conversant with the habits and man-

ners of the beau monde; having risen by degrees to the exalted situation of chamber-woman to one of Lady Moira's nursery maids, it may easily be conjectured that she must have a perfect knowledge of the opinions, the feelings, and the prepossessions of the great; and having left her first abode for the protection of a first-rate footman, who procured her lodgings in Titchfield-street at the rate of 10s. a week, she must doubtless be versed to no small extent in the views, the characters, and the dispositions of mankind. On our arrival at the attic story of her residence, we found her sitting up in bed with a glass of gin standing on a chair by her bedside, a saucer full of ink lying beside her on the counterpane, and several loose sheets about and upon the bed, which I afterwards discovered to be the manuscript of a new novel called the *Marchioness*, or *Fashionable Intrigues*. Scarcely had Mr. —— entered the room before he exclaimed (thrusting me at the same time into her willing hand,) “well, my dear lass, have you finished the copy; we must be out by to-morrow, and unless we make haste other people will get the start of us.” “Come! come!” replied the fair one, “don’t plague me, I have got no further than the *misfortune* of Lord Headfort. A novel is nothing without a *crime*, and really after the decision of Lord Ellenborough I am at a loss what description of wickedness will come beneath that appellation. What do you think of my hero’s robbing his friend, and murdering his brother?” “That,” replied the bookseller, “would never do. Robbery and murder imply some degree of courage, and the poor —— never saw blood in his life without falling into a swoon!” “Then suppose we make him seduce a lovely young lady of spotless character and exalted station.” “Poh! poh! If adultery be not a crime, what can be said of simple seduction? Nor in the present state of the fashionable world, need a —— resort to any arts of insinuation or delusion. But I will tell you an intrigue that might wind up the plot with sufficient eclat, and be too unfortunate even for



Lord Ellenborough. Suppose that you cause your hero to marry, for mercenary purposes, a young lady of beauty, rank, and virtue; that after possession he deserts her for the ancient and more compliant instruments of his lust; that in their society he forgets the obligations of the gentleman and the husband; and while he luxuriates in every variety of guilty pleasure, permits his wife to languish in solitude and neglect. Suppose too that finding her a bar to the unrestrained enjoyment of licentious pleasure, or looking forward to the possibility of a second marriage with a woman more congenial to his taste, and more accommodating to his habits, he conspires with the profligate inmates and visitors who surround him to prove that his wife is an adultress and himself a cuckold." "Impossible," replied Miss Fanny; "were I to relate such a story no one would believe me. The common pride of human nature would elevate above such a line of conduct the basest and most unprincipled villain that ever disgraced or tormented humanity. That a wretch might be found, in comparison with whose selfish purposes all the ties of nature and of pity would be as nothing, I can believe; but that any man, however weak and degraded, should conspire to prove himself a cuckold, is too much for human credulity." "Such things, however, (replied the bookseller) have actually occurred in the history of mankind, and surely nothing that has ever arisen in the vicissitude of human events can be too improbable for a novel."

"Oh! yes," replied the fair one, "for a novel *founded on facts*."

"*Facts*," rejoined the luminary of the *Row*. "Damn the facts! Let me have a good saleable novel. As soon as it is finished you shall have two pounds in hand, and a bill at eighteen months for the remaining twelve. It is not always that you will make such a bargain. Let me see it in the course of a week. Let us have a flaming story, a true one, if convenient; but at any rate let it be *flaming*."

Scarcely had the bookseller disappeared, before my

fair possessor rose from her bed, and after attiring herself from a wardrobe, that might have defied the descriptive powers of Swift himself, hastened to the *home* of a celebrated surgeon, whose advice on certain occasions she was accustomed to receive. I found by the manner of my presentation, that I was the first payment of a long arrear: even *bank-notes* will sometimes moralize, and I could not help "thinking to myself" how wonderfully must that people improve of whom thou art the satirical guide and corrector! With what peculiar grace do the accents of moral reprehension proceed from lips polluted by disease; and with what unaffected and spontaneous sympathy must that bosom be animated in the cause of virtue, modesty and innocence? The interview was not of long duration, and Miss ——— gave way to more exalted visitors. A female entered the apartment of lofty presence and engaging manners, who after reminding Mr. H. of his obligations to her family, and conjuring him to secrecy, proceeded to detail a series of particulars, so singular, and so indelicate, that I shall not pollute your pages, by recording them: she related a "domestic tale," however, which if not quite so pathetic as that of the Vicar of Wakefield was equally singular. She was now labouring under the indisposition incidental to intrigue, and had paid this visit to her medical adviser, for the purpose of learning by what means she might elude the embraces, while she evaded the suspicions of her husband. After receiving Mr. H.'s opinion, delivered with the utmost gravity of countenance, she slipped a ten pound note into his hand, and hastened to her chariot.

Scarcely had the lady disappeared before Mr. H. having seen the chariot depart from his parlour window, exclaimed, "My God! her husband! by all that's wonderful." The exclamation only just escaped his mouth, when a portly personage, whose visage pronounced him to have approached his grand climacteric, entered the apartment, and shaking Mr. ——— cordially by the hand, addressed him in the following words: "Well,

Sir, here I am again. You see I have not sown all my wild oats, old as I am ; I have still an eye for a pretty girl, and love to ogle the dear creatures, whether at the Park or the Opera. But not being content with distant warfare, I am like other warriors who fight at close quarters, subject to misfortunes, and as you know I have a great respect for my dear Lady ———, I have come, my dear H. to solicit your advice on this unexpected occasion."

Mr. H. could not help smiling at the singular predicament of the wife and husband, both suffering the punishment of infidelity, both afraid of discovery, and both appealing to the same adviser. Having recommended to the lord, as he had done to the lady, separate beds, he was rewarded with a check on his lordship's banker, which he carefully folded up among several other papers of a similar description, exclaiming, as the noble peer descended the threshold, "This is the third hundred I have received within one short month from the fathers and mothers, sons and daughters of the family of M—."

My next possessor was a manager of fictitious banks, and the proprietor of several extensive firms, of which the *notes* alone had any tangible existence. He was a very Proteus in mercantile deception, and has assumed the names of all the celebrated bankers and merchants in the metropolis and its neighbourhood. He was now transacting business on a large scale under the name of Drummond; but only a few weeks had elapsed, during which I reposed along with many thousand fictitious bills in an iron coffer, before the disclosure of his character and transactions in the pages of the *SCOURGE*, compelled him to make a precipitate retreat. I was left behind as the liberal reward of seven years' service on the part of one of his dependants. This person was much addicted to experiments, and being impelled by mere curiosity to ascertain how far it is practicable to convert a *one pound note* into a *five*, I was subjected to alternate action of aqua fortis and Indian ink, and should



probably have been doomed to undergo several other trials of my possessor's ingenuity, had not the officers of Bow-street put an end to the triumphs of chymic genius, and consigned me to repose among many millions of my cancelled brethren.

A BANK NOTE.

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STATE OF THE NATION FOR THE YEAR 1813.

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THE K\*\*G—sinking to the eternal bed of rest, like the withering oak that has defied many a wintry storm, and bowing its head to the mandate of Time, which shall record the soundness of its heart when its frailties shall be no more remembered.

THE Q\*\*N—a German transplant, with a lingering affection for its native soil, and a *prejudice* against British; a living emblem of snuff and diamonds, comprehending a great deal of political intrigue, and a passionate thirst for patronage and power.

THE CHAIR BEFORE THE THRONE—a piece of manufacture made from the splicings of British and German oak; without *heart*, out of repair, and propped up by rotten timbers; possessing all the frailties of the parent stock, amalgamated with *venial* weaknesses, shooting from the centre, as though it were the very source of corruption, it is not alloyed by one virtue; it formerly excited hopes, but is now sunk into decrepitude, and has disappointed the people.

THE P\*\*ss OF W\*\*s.—A portrait long dimmed by the dust of detraction, and sullied by collision with the profligate, and the malevolent efforts of “suborned traducers;” now restored to its

former worth by the merited exposure of imposture, and the detection of the perjured.

THE P<sup>\*\*\*</sup>NC<sup>SS</sup> CH<sup>\*\*\*</sup>RL<sup>\*\*</sup>TTE OF W<sup>\*\*\*</sup>s.—A lovely miniature, set round with smiles, seeking the shelter of an injured mother's arms; exulting in her proved innocence; threatening the guilty; and the object of a nation's hope.

THE C<sup>\*\*\*</sup>MM<sup>\*\*</sup>D<sup>\*R</sup> IN CH<sup>\*\*</sup>F—a proved c—lp—t.

THE D<sup>\*\*</sup> OF C<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup>—a love-sick sea-calf, who, long wallowing in the *Jordan*, was at length wounded by the shaft of Cupid in the shape of a *rich heiress*.

THE L<sup>\*\*</sup>D C<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup>—an old woman weatherwise; an apron-string; a weathercock, acting upon a royal pivot.

L<sup>\*\*</sup>D E<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup>—the advocate of *venial* errors, such as adultery.

THE MINISTRY—Political land-sharks.

THE WHIGS—All the talents.

THE PATRIOTS—Jacobins, with one or two exceptions.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT—broken by long oppression.

THE PEOPLE—hopeless of any change that can ameliorate their condition.

MANUFACTURERS—all at a stand.

POVERTY—universal.

THE CONSTITUTION—changed.

THE C<sup>\*\*</sup>H—every day bringing religion into disrepute.

THE B<sup>\*\*</sup>H OF B<sup>\*\*\*</sup>s—fat and lazy.

THE BAR—a sure way to preferment.

LAWYERS—blood-suckers.

PHYSICIANS—impostors.

MEN—daily disgracing human nature, by imitating the sensuality of brutes, and prostituting the faculty of reason.

WOMEN—flocking to the standard of infidelity.

## ON THE FRIVOLITY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

It has long been customary for the people of England to regard themselves as superior in the solid endowments of the mind to every other people of Europe. We have yielded to the Dutch the claim of pre-eminence in industry, to the French the superiority of inventive genius, and to the Italians their due precedence in all that indicates delicacy and sublimity of taste. But to the possession of strong sense, solid judgment, and practical wisdom, to all the honors and attributes of a judicious and thinking people, we have always been eager to proclaim our pretensions. The frivolity of the French people is the continual theme of our animadversion and our ridicule; and while the British lion is supposed to express without flattery the dignified bravery and deliberate wisdom of his prototype our enemies are seldom personified but in the light, agile and capricious character of a monkey. It may not, therefore, be entirely superfluous to examine how far the national prejudice is consistent with reality, and whether the intellectual stability of John Bull be in perfect unison with his bodily conformity.

In the world of literature attention and pre-eminence have been obtained, not by the learned and laborious student, whose years have been past in the cultivation of science or the advancement of philosophy, by the profound observers of life and manners, or by those chaste and legitimate aspirants after the honors of poetry, who reverence the ancient masters of heroic or didactic verse, and whose compositions are the result of deliberate conception, polished taste, and an exuberance of imagination, chastened and corrected by the influence of criticism; but by men who scribble poetry as fast as they could write a love-letter; who contract for epics by the year, and cover their paper with unmeaning rhymes, with no regard to any other consideration than



the quantity of verses they are able to produce. A volume of philosophical essays by a man of pre-eminent genius and unremitted assiduity, combining all that could instruct the philosopher, delight the critic, or awaken the curiosity of the general reader, is committed to the world, and falls still-born from the press; while the poetical history of Rawhead and Bloody-bones, or the true story of some Scottish murderer, is read with equal avidity by old and young, by the sage and the foolish, by the grandpapa and the misses of the nursery.

It is not my intention to depreciate the talents of Messrs. Scott, Southey, and Moore, and their celebrated contemporaries; but it is impossible to witness the indulgence and encouragement that have been granted to the babyism, the pedantry, and the infantine nonsense by which their productions have been so copiously alloyed without suspecting that there is no other nation, where offences against the sober judgment of criticism would have obtained even momentary applause or forgiveness. The Edinburgh reviewers have well observed that *childishness* is the most prominent characteristic of one of the first poets of the day; and we may judge from the frequent quotation and perpetual praise of the passages in which this quality is most remarkably predominant, how well it accords with the taste of a British public.

In the drama, our love of childish and unmeaning spectacle, has been too clearly evinced in the triumph of equestrian and elephantine exhibitions over truth and nature. That people cannot surely pretend to the epithet of thinking, who prefer the antics of a brute to the wit of Congreve or the sublimity of Shakspeare, and desert the representation of the legitimate drama to witness the dying agonies of expiring quadrupeds. When Drury-Lane was saved from bankruptcy by the intervention of a dog, the circumstance was lamented as indicating, on the part of the English people, the depravation of that correct and manly taste for which they had been

distinguished even among their enemies. But the present generation has attended with delighted enthusiasm to the mulings of an infant and the ravings of an idiot. Master Betty was at one time the idol of the public, and crowds of intelligent Englishmen collect together for the purpose of witnessing the dramatic buffooneries of an individual, whose mental infirmities are the just objects of compassion. The announcement of the gallant gay Lothario, will attract a bumper; and were the two-legged monster combined in the entertainments of the evening, with his more rational companion the elephant, the boxes would be filled, though the price of admission were a guinea.

In the common intercourse of life we are, of all the people of Europe, the most credulous and the most trifling. A whisker of unusual size, a coat of an unusual colour, or a chariot of an unusual form, will lead the man of fortune from his pleasures, and the man of business from his trade, to enjoy the luxury of a peep at an object of so much intrinsic worth and interesting speculation! In our admiration of eccentricity, we not only waste our time, but lose our money; the death's heads and the whiskers of the Baron de Geramb, procured him a confidence and credit among the purveyors to fashionable extravagance, that but for these imposing appendages, he might vainly have endeavoured to obtain. The whole town was in love with his mustachios, and with a little patience and moderation he might have borne from deluded England some valuable trophy of his victories over fortune, youth, and beauty.

Great, however, as were the sorrows of the British fair, at the departure of this formidable lover of Sophia, a successor has appeared who promises to rob the good people of England of the little sense that remained in the country; to bewitch our wives and sisters, and to lead the cockney visitors of the Park beyond even their usual circumference of folly. To see the Cossack, religion and business are equally neglected; the chapels are

deserted, the Change is in an uproar, and Bond-street is as still and solitary as Persepolis. The public papers are filled with descriptions of his person, and virgins of rank submit themselves, in the true spirit of romantic frivolity, to his embrace.

A hoax in Berner's-street, a tortoise-shell male cat, a sheep with two heads, a lock of hair from the forehead of an ancient king, or an old and shattered volume, of which the title and the subject can just be decyphered through the damps of age, are any of them sufficient to divert the people of England from the errors of their prince, and the iniquities of their statesmen. Of all these the Bibliomania elucidates most forcibly the facility with which the unthinking and extravagant among the higher orders of society, can reconcile themselves to the most deplorable dissipation of their time and fortunes. At the numerous sales of old and mutilated books, there was not an individual who did not fancy himself at the moment of purchase to be spending his money in a learned and dignified pursuit, or who did not plume himself on his perfect acquaintance with the dates and characteristics of whatever is issued from the press of Caxton and Aldus. Yet it is probable that not one out of the whole number of those who valued a copy of Boccaccio at two thousand pounds, ever read a line of that author in his life. They were guided by one plain invariable principle, sufficient to direct them in their biddings, but suspiciously according with the character of the most thinking people of the universe. They estimated the value of each lot, first by its age, and secondly, by its imperfection. If a better edition had been printed in modern times, such a consideration did not diminish the value of the ancient copy : and where dates could not be determined, credit was given to the testimony of the moths and worms. Such is our progress in the belles lettres, and in all the requisites of correct scholars and elegant gentlemen !

P. P.



## THE DON COSSACK!!!

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OLD England, ever since she has been known for a nation, has preserved her character for credulity and curiosity; always upon the wing to witness novelty, and always gratified by her search and the romantic inventions which her ear greedily receives. Scarce had the *Delicate Investigation* reports abated their interest, when the Don Cossack appeared to claim public attention, armed with his long pike, habited in the habiliments of his country, and with a beard—exciting envy even in the breast of a R-g-nt. And it must be confessed that in every other particular he was “a tall and proper man;” well, no sooner does he appear than every other subject of curiosity and interest give way to his fascinations, and crowds from every quarter throng round his person as the central point of every thing that is marvellous. “The Don Cossack”—cry some thickheaded wits east of Temple Bar—“Bless us, he must be a Spaniard or a Portuguese; we never heard of a Russian Don.” “Pshaw,” exclaimed the sapient Sir William C—, who by the bye had been that morning closely closeted with his *favourite barber* two hours. “I will set you right in your speculations—Don Cossack is, I am very credibly informed, the son of a respectable *biscuit baker* of Lisbon, and a patriot.—He was born under the planet Mars, and, like Hercules, strangled the serpents in his cradle; he cracked a biscuit before he was an hour old, and sucked four wet nurses dry ere he cut a tooth. A month after he was breeched he got a grandee’s daughter with child, and was three times tried for crim. con.—He got into the dungeons of the holy inquisition, where he eat the iron bars of his prison and effected his escape—he trusted himself to sea in an open boat, and was taken up by an Algerine pirate fifty leagues from shore, after subsisting nine days upon a piece of sail-cloth and drinking his own tears—a storm soon overtook

the Algerine, and she swamped, every soul perishing excepting Don Witteschendst, our illustrious Cossack, who fortunately disentangled himself from the vessel, and was prevented from sinking, by getting upon a shoal of herrings steering their course from the north—well, while in this situation it was his misfortune to be compelled, like Jonah, to travel down the throat of a whale, who distended her horrid jaws to admit the finny tribe—here he lived upon liver, and grew fat in a warm climate; but with the wretched prospect of continuing the remainder of his days shut out from the light of the sun: an expedient struck him, it was a desperate venture, but death or liberty was his motto—this expedient was to tickle the whale in the throat, and make her sick—it succeeded, she was taken with a dreadful vomiting, and rose upon the surface of the ocean for the benefit of the air—he tickled again, and up he came, riding upon a well-directed spout, which landed him safe upon the most northerly coast of Russia, and upon the back of a wolf, who taking fright and wishing to get rid of his unwelcome burthen, speeded through forests where human foot had never trod—the Don kept his seat with all the firmness of the most experienced jockey; and at the end of three days found himself safe and sound in the south-east extremity of the empire, the wolf expiring beneath him from hard running. He lived upon the body for three weeks, made himself a jacket of his skin, and a saw of his jaw-bone, with which he felled that miraculous pike he now carries—here wearied of his travels, he determined to settle, and to amuse himself by hunting—his whiskers and beard grew, and the girls were enamoured of his parts; he married seventeen wives, kept thirty-three concubines, and has a whole regiment of children—the *illegitimate* are all officers, the *legitimate* common men, very *naturally* preferring his *natural* children to those forged in the chains of wedlock. The war breaking out between Russia and France, the valiant Don Cossack left his wives, his concubines, and

his children, and taking his long pike marched to the wars—where he killed and eat *thirty-nine of the enemy*, besides *three French officers and their fry*, besides pricking above *one thousand* in the b-cks-des, and other feats glorious to the *great* cause, and ruinous to the Gallic emperor!!!!!!” The loud huzzas with which this *faithful* narrative was received, made the welkin ring, and reached the ears of Alderman Birch the pastry-cook, who called out puff! puff!! puff!!! Some were so incredulous as not to believe the marvellous account of Sir William; and some even affirmed that he was not a Portuguese, that he was not the son of a biscuit-baker; but that he was called the Don Cossack, from being a native of the banks of the Don, a celebrated river of Russia, which falls into the river of Azof. Be this as it may, he certainly is a *prodigious* hero, and remarkably fond of lamp oil, a predilection which Sir William ascribes to an extraordinary event in his life before narrated. It is said the sensation excited in the city on his first appearance is scarcely yet subsided; that he eat so voraciously at his luncheon at the Mansion House that it was determined to give him no encouragement in that quarter; and that the aldermen were alarmed lest he should be invited to the Easter dinner!! Sir William, who is a devout believer, of course gives credence to the *thirty-nine articles*, and d——ns all those with a tolerating religious spirit who doubts! But he has a great relish for turtle, and is anxious to furnish the Don Cossack with a passport to the seat of war. On Monday last, by royal command, he visited C\*rl\*\*n H\*\*se, and in the presence of the R\*\*nt a *delicate investigation* was immediately instituted; his beard was examined; and among other questions it was put to him how he contrived to keep himself from growing *corpulent*, to which he readily replied, and with great good humour, “By constant exercise.” “How many wives have you?” “Seventeen.” “Is it possible? Alas, I find *one* too many for me; and how do you contrive to keep them



in order?" "I never give myself any trouble about them." The R\* \* t was observed to sigh; Colonel M'M—— brought him a smelling bottle, and Lord Y—— a glass of his favourite beverage, eggs and brandy: he exclaimed, "Oh, happy country, where a man may have seventeen wives without giving himself any trouble about them; but if you want to get rid of them what proceedings do you take?" "Our process is very simple, we resort to the Turkish bow-string." Here the R——'s eye was observed to sparkle with unusual animation. "Blessed land of liberty," he exclaimed, where a common man may put his wife to death with impunity—say, Mac, can I not introduce this enviable custom among ourselves?"—"But what do you do with your concubines, and how do you contrive to keep them faithful?" "It is their duty and interest to comply with all my wishes, and they are too much occupied with *intriguing* against my *wives* to excite any suspicion in my breast of their inconstancy." The R—— started from his seat with a vigor almost unknown to him, and exciting admiration and surprize in the two gallant colonels. The Cossack was dismissed after his beard and pike had been measured; and the R—— exclaimed, with eyes beaming with rapture, "Mac; send a bow-string to ——; send cards of invitation to ——, and ——, and ——, send for Lord E——gh, and let us frame a code of Cossack laws—send for the taylor, that we may be dressed in the Cossack costume—I will have a new wig—my beard shall grow—I am delighted—I am enraptured—the hero of the Don has awakened in my bosom sensations of joy not to be restrained."

*Scourgiana.***A RECEIPT FOR ENVY.**

Take of the essence of Indolence sufficient to enfeeble the sense and torpidize mental energy; let this be thoroughly infused into the intellectual parts, and it will soon produce incapacity; then take of chagrin, disappointment, vexation, and malignity, equal proportions, blend them well with the saliva of detraction, and the unwholesome dews of fevered sarcasm, and take a dose at pleasure—one is sufficient—for so subtle and insinuating is the mixture, and so lasting in its effects, that it can never be eradicated. But its merit does not consist only in its operation on the patient, for so malign is its odour, that it sheds its poisons on every object within its search, and seems to delight in withering up the first shoots of genius.

Symptoms. A cold cadaverous cheek flexible to every acrimonious wrinkle; brow somewhat sullen, but forcing itself into the appearance of gaiety; eye heavy and apathetic, but occasionally shooting forth a gleaming ray of jealous ire, nose drawn up with the sneer of venomous malevolence—and lips parched, and tremulating with the consuming fever that circulates in every vein.

The voice cold and sour, and the utterance sometimes slow and sometimes hurried, but always acrid.

**LOST OR MISLAID,**

STOLEN OR STRAYED, the R-g-nt's conscience, lately in the keeping of L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r E-d-n; assuming all shapes as occasion serves, it cannot answer to any particular description—it is feared it is almost too protean to be discovered, and possessing too much of the properties of the eel to be secured—the L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r vows “before his God and his country,” it was not lost by any negligence on his part.

**THE BARONETS, BARBER, AND WHALE.\***

SIR WILLIAM, who aims at the Royal Society,  
And knowing Sir Joseph's acknowledg'd satiety

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\* Alluding to an occurrence of last year, and was composed between the fast-day and the general election.

Of Grampus and other small fry ;  
Sent him word, " I'd be glad of your presence a bit,  
To cut up and prepare a fine whale for the spit,  
And dine on the Fast-day with *I*."

The joyous Sir Joseph accedes to his wish ;  
And Sir Will and his Barber set out to the fish,  
And sat down a-top of it's tail :  
Said the Barber, " you'll lose your Election this !"  
He spoke---and Sir William fell lifeless with fear,  
And fairly o'er-shadow'd the whale !

Sir Joe with a lancet, a knife, and harpoon,  
Arriv'd while Sir William lay stretch'd in a swoon ;  
But dropping harpoon, knife, and lancet,  
In a tumult of joy and amazement he swore  
That the Alps into England were newly come o'er,  
And to blubber transform'd in their transit !

" Be mine," said Sir Joseph, " the glorious toil,  
To inundate Albion's valleys with oil,  
That the peasants of England may know,  
One gift they received from the great Joseph Banks,  
And mention my name with amazement and thanks,  
As they oil their own shoes as they go !"

Then to the man-mountain his rapt'rous beholder,  
Sprang up fram the Barber's obsequious shoulder,  
And cut a small hole in his gizzard ;  
When Sir William cry'd, " Do you know whom you assail ?  
You don't know a parliament man from a whale,  
Though you almost set up for a wizard !"

" If you are not the whale," cried Sir Joseph, in wrath,  
" Where is he, I pray, for I long for his broth ?"  
" I believe," said Sir William, " he's brush'd !"  
But soon as the Baronets came to the ground,  
The whale they were seeking was readily found,  
To be sure he was dreadfully crush'd !



The eager Sir Joseph then brandish'd his knife,  
 But Sir William declar'd he was wretched for life;  
 Since a man, so discerning and clever  
 Had thought him a whale, and prepar'd to dissect him :  
 Was it likely the City again would elect him ?  
 No, perhaps heave him into the river !

" Not a vestige," said Joseph, " of what has occur'd  
 Shall remain to transpire, I will give you my word ;  
 Or our craws must egregiously fail !"  
 Wide as theirs, gentle reader ! must needs be your swallow,  
 If you can believe what is going to follow :  
 They devour'd both the Barber and Whale !!

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At a late meeting of master stay-makers, it was moved and carried, nemine contradicente.

1. Resolved, That the trade will sustain an almost irremediable loss in the departure of the Duke of C—— for the continent.

2. Resolved, That a humble and dutiful address be presented to His Royal Highness, praying that he will be pleased to consider their deplorable situation under such a calamity, and that he will be pleased to patronize English stays in foreign parts as some alleviation to their misery.

3. Resolved, That a humble petition be prepared, praying the Lords Petersham and Yarmouth do take the trade under their special care.

4. Resolved, That stays may be safely recommended to incontinent ladies as the only effectual means of concealing pregnancy, upon a new and improved plan, as worn by the Right Honorable Lady —— and the Misses ——.

5. Resolved, That a humble and dutiful petition be presented to the Marchioness of Hertford, praying her interference in their favor, and that she screw herself up in whalebone, with a view to benefit the trade by her example.

6. Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the Scourge Magazine.

*To the Editor of the Scourge.*

SIR,—Your insertion of the following petition of a very respectable but truly unfortunate old woman, will particularly oblige your obedient servant, R——.

The humble petition of Widow Raymond setteth forth, that being reduced by unforeseen misfortune, she is reduced, with a large family of nine children! to the miserable expedients resorted to by theatrical quacks, and prays for the indulgence and commiseration of a liberal and discerning public. After bellowing out her juvenile days upon provincial boards, and “cleaving the boorish ear with horrid speech,” it was her singular good fortune to captivate a London manager by her stentorian lungs, and to be transplanted to the metropolitan boards to rumble thunder in a tragedy, or play a sea-calf in pantomime, and here all her misfortunes commenced, for doing *justice* to the part of the Ghost in Hamlet, and bellowing beyond *mortal* powers, she cracked the auricular nerve of the Dowager Countess of ——, who has been compleatly deaf ever since! shook the febrile frame of Mr. Sk—ff—ng—n into nervous fits!—turned Mr. Wh-tbre-d, the brewer’s, apron sour!—alarmed Miss —— into premature delivery! and brought on apoplexy in Alderman ——! Such a series of misfortunes were scarcely ever known to attend one unhappy individual, and their pressure must be acknowledged unusually severe on an old widow with nine children. Not even a salary of *six hundred* a year as stage manager, could support its ill conveniences, and all the horrors of provincial candle-ends and raw onions, stared them full in the face as their future subsistence. A benefit offered as the only expedient of relief, and “the Devil’s Bridge,” to carry them safe over; but lest the ravings of “Baron Toraldi” should be productive of similar effects, and scare a R-g-nt, &c. &c. the widow, with a philanthropy doing *honor* to her head and heart engaged the “widow’s friend,” lunatic Coates, to perform his merry antics for the evening—this he did, and the *comic* ravings of the one frustrated the unhappy consequences of the *tragic* rantings of the other—but, alas, although her pockets were well filled she was unfortunate; for, infected by the mania of her friend, Mr. Romeo Coates, she now suffers under all the horrors of mental imbecility and weakness, and is being castigated as

remedy by the critic's lash of censure. She humbly petitions the benevolent that they will consider her large family, and alleviate her sufferings, and she will ever pray.

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Lost, certain *minutes of evidence* favorable to the cause of an illustrious lady: whoever shall find the same, and bring them before the public shall be handsomely rewarded, by a *speech in the lords* by the celebrated Durham ox of *Burr-street*!

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Mrs. Clarke has threatened a new work in *sheets*, and *certain gentlemen* are deploring their folly in ever having crept with her into them!

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It is generally understood that the ——— electors intend to propose an address to the PRINCE REGENT CONGRATULATING HIM ON THE ESTABLISHED INNOCENCE OF HIS ROYAL CONSORT, AND THE EXPOSURE OF THE FOUL CONSPIRACY FABRICATED AGAINST HER LIFE AND HONOR. Of course such proceedings will be duly appreciated by His Royal Highness, who is himself the GUARDIAN of her REPUTATION, and who cannot but feel rejoiced that the Princess of Wales is freed from even the *shadow* of a charge!!! It is said that His Royal Highness's visits to Manchester-square have been frequent of late—of course those visits are made to the Marchioness of Hertford, the *disinterested* friend of the Princess, and who must equally feel *delighted* at Her Royal Highness's escape from the abandoned perjuries of the most iniquitous traducers.



LETTER FROM MRS. JUDY O' FLANNAGAN TO  
MR. BLARNEY O' SULLIVAN.

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Arrah, Blarney, do you know that your letter never come to hand until I received it through some mismanagement of the postman, who kept it by him, because I would not trouble him with a *thirteener* for its carriage; and you know, Blarney, thirteeners are not so plentiful, to throw them away upon a dirty bit of sealed paper, which could neither eat or drink on the road. He kept the letter, and I cheated the red-coated vagabond at last; for Patrick O'Shane told me that somehow or another it had crept into a book they call the SCOURGE; and so you see, my dear Blarney, I got your letter the other day all in print for a half-a-crown, which was cheap—and so I bethought me, that I would send my answer to you—to the SCOURGE—where you see, Blarney, you may get it for nothing, by paying half-a-crown for the book.

Sure, Blarney, you are mightily mistaken in me, to imagine I deserted you; no, my honey, I have the recollection of your sweet face always before me, and I can assure my own dear jewel that I drink his health *fifty times a day* at least! But you see, Blarney, you have mighty wrong notions in your head, and it is fit that I should set you right about them—in the first place I never doubted but that the O'Sullivans were an ancient and an honorable family; but be aisey about their being the only true Milesians—Oh, bloodanouns man, they cannot compare with the O'Flannagans—you may talk about your great ancestor, Mr. Murphy O'Sullivan, the first man sticking in the mud at Bantry; but it is your own dear self Blarney, that is sticking in the mud, for Mr. Murphy O'Sullivan never did.—Sure, and dont I know the origin of the Milesians? was not Mr. Militis or Milesius, a

Spaniard, the father of three sons, who had *thirty wives* each; and did not they come over and settle in the south of my darling country, \*and they gave the name of Milesians to their race—but you see, Blarney—the O'Flannagans are descended in a right line from Cæsaria, the grand-daughter of Noah, who flew for refuge to the island, *before* the flood, and who married one Bartholomew, a Scythian, who arrived in the same country *three hundred years afterwards*, and conquered the giants!† But not to waste any time in tracing the nobleness of my descent, which you very well know is of the greatest antiquity; let me tell you, in the second place, that your notions of the conduct of an Irish jontlewoman is not becoming you, and by no means correct. Sure, I was born to enjoy a noble patrimony, which my fore-fathers all spent for me; and I was educated to do honor to my family—was I not an only child, and an heiress? And did not my father leave me when he died, all he had for himself? Ah, Blarney, answer these questions if you can. Left a lone woman to myself, in a little dainty mud-cabin on the heath, it was natural that I should wish to see foreign parts, and besides it was necessary to finish my education—you know when you used to come and see me, and sit in the warm smoke of my chimney, in winter's evenings, when the whisky used to smile in our faces, and we were all joy; ah, Blarney, I was then dying to see foreign parts, and you see the soldier used to come and sit with me, and keep me company after you was gone; and he was so tender and so kind-hearted, that he would not suffer me to lay by myself alone. Now Jemmy the Grinder, for that was his name before he enlisted, was always telling me of Old England, and such like things; and I dont know how it came about, but I found

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\* Vide Camden's Account of Ireland.

† Vide Polichron, Giraldus and Hollingshead.

that I should soon be obliged to give birth to a little Grinder; and Jemmy being ordered home with his regiment—I thought it but right, that I should drop the little Englishman in the land of his fathers; so I made up my mind to accompany the good-natured soldier.

Oh! Blarney, shall I ever forget what I suffered when I went on board the packet that was to carry me from Old Ireland; but it was necessary that I should see foreign parts, so I easily made up my mind to it—and now, Blarney, I will give you an account of what I have seen—I have *three* little Grinders, plump-cheeked rogues, which the soldier is welcome to keep for my sake; and I will take the first opportunity of meeting my own Blarney once more in Ireland. You see, Blarney, these low-lived English are always talking of *our* blunders; but by the powers they are the greatest blunderers themselves; for when I landed, I asked them the name of the place, and they told me it was Park-gate—and the devil a park or a gate could I see, for it was all land and water, so that was a bull—well, we took our place in the waggon for London; and mighty pleasant travelling too, Blarney, if it was not for the jumbling and jolting, which made my poor bones to ache sorely; and there was rare work going on, for you see we were a great many of us all tumbled together, and tossed into each other's laps; and a few accidents occurred by reason that some of them did not know their own wives in the *dark*—so they got playing with other women; but those things were settled easy enough to be sure: and what with the rumbling and jolting about I fell sick, and I was taken with big pains, and I laid down in the straw, and by and bye something squalled out—Oh, Blarney, to be sure, it was'n't a great big thumping boy—faith, and it was, honey—I had played the soldier a trick, and brought him a boy; and we cheated the waggoner, for as we had paid our own fare before hand the devil a farthing could he get out of us for the carriage of the child, who came clean into the



world, and had his carriage to London and all for nothing—Oh! he was born with a silver spoon sticking in his own beautiful mouth. Well in London the waggon stopped naturally enough, at a great big house called the *Saracen's-head*; 'sblood, Blarney, you would have been frightened out of your own delicate senses, if you had seen it; so I said, faith, you may call this London, but give me my own sweet Cork—and I asked for some whisky—and a great big blackguard answered, "Arrah go along with you, Pat;" now this was'nt genteel to a lady, so I gave him a big swelling on his eye, and he roared out lustily—now, Blarney, only think that the heathens know nothing at all at all about whisky—O what a beggarly country—at that moment, Blarney, how much I wished for my own beautiful cabin, and to have been along with you in the smoak of a good peat fire shipping the darling whisky hot. Well, I could get nothing but gin, a weak liquor, not half so strong as good whisky punch, and which they sell here at three times the price of the genuine liquor of old Ireland. Ah, Blarney, Blarney, people should travel to know the comforts of home. I need not be after telling you about all that happened between me and the soldier; you know it must be perfectly indifferent to you, to know any thing at all about him—I brought him a boy every now and then, and as he was in barracks, and I wanted to see all about London, I took to selling potatoes in a wheel-barrow, or carrying sprats in the season, which is pretty employment enough, and I became acquainted with a great number of my countrymen and women, who were in the same way. Now, Blarney, having given you a full description of this big place, I shall give you an account of a pleasant journey we had to Greenwich last Easter Monday, and then prepare to come and tell you all the rest myself. Oh, how I long to be at your own sweet beautiful lips, for after all, an Irishman is the lad to tickle the ladies fancy. Well, to be sure, Easter Monday, of all days in an Englishman's year, is a remarkably pleasant one. The sun,

Blarney, shone so beautifully. the girls were so full of fun; aye, and on that day the lads spend their money like any Irishman; so we were up in the morning, and we were all dressed in our best suits, and there was me and my soldier, and there was Paddy O'Shone, who carries a hod, and he had with him Miss Judy M'Carthy, who goes about with a milk-pail, and there was Dennis O'Shaglin, and Miss O'Brien, and Paddy O'Carel, and Miss O'Neale, and Thady O'Conner, and Miss M'Morrog, and we were a snug party, so we started from a place they call Westminster Bridge, and we all went into a gin shop, just by way of refreshing us, and we dropped some of our money at every shop we came to, so that when we arrived at Greenwich we were all comfortable and jolly. Oh, Blarney, this is the place of delights, and though you can neither get whiskey for love or money, yet gin and gingerbread is to be had in plenty, and there were shews and plays, wild beasts and young ladies, to be seen, all alive. "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen," was all the cry: "here you shall see the lions, and the wonderful elephants;" another, "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, here you may see the wonderful Miss Smith, seventeen years of age, and only thirty-three inches high; you may see her for three pence." "Here you may see the wonder of wonders—a cow with two heads, seven legs, three tails, and two bellies, for two pence a piece—walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, the best booth in the fair." Oh, Blarney, my head swam round with delight, and there was a great big hill, where the girls all roll from the top to the bottom, and they shew their legs, and there is such smirking and smiling—then there are booths where you can get "the ladies cordial," and "true blue," which is nothing but gin; and garters with pretty sayings upon them, and Thady O'Conner bought a pair for Miss M'Morrog, and on them was written "England expects every man to do his duty," and why not Ireland, Blarney? sure, and is there an Irishwoman who can love a

man failing in his duty? Well then, there were sweetmeats and gingerbread: Oh, and why does not Easter Monday last all the year round? In the evening we went to see our countryman, Paddy O'Rourke, who gave a concert, for which we paid a thirteener, and a curious concert it was, for the devil of any thing was to be seen but singing and talking, so we had our glasses a piece all round, and we were quite happy, when Dennis O'Shaglin got into a big passion—"bloodanouns," he cried, "do you call this a fair without a fight:" so you see he wanted to introduce the good old Irish custom among em; but they had no fancy for it, when presently there was a little bit of a row, for Paddy O'Rourke was a *true* Irishman, and he had got two wives, and as luck would have it, while he was comfortably seated with one of them by his side and singing all the while—in tumbled the other, and there was pretty fighting enough between them; oh, the heads rattled again and the confusion was delightful to a true Irishman. Dennis O'Shaglin took a part, and being an expert bruiser you see he played about him. Well, after all, we returned home with hearts as gay as you please; and I don't know how it was, but when I awoke in the morning I found myself in bed with that bewitching rogue, Paddy O'Connel.

Having now told you all about it, and being wearied of my travels, my dear Blarney, you may expect me the first opportunity, as soon as ever I can conveniently carry the soldier's things to the pawnbroker's, that they may be taken care of. I shall take the waggon to Bristol, and shall cross the water to my own true sweetheart—the beautiful Blarney O'Sullivan,

Yours, constant and true

for ever and ever.

JUDY O'FLANNAGAN.



MR. HENRY WHITE, (*Editor of the "Independent Whig,"*)

AND

(*Mr. J. H. Hart, of "the Whig or Public Guardian."*)

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THE publication of "the Whig or Public Guardian," a new Sunday newspaper, has given rise to a controversy, which we should by no means have felt it either our duty or inclination to have noticed, but that it has laid open a few of the secrets of "the prison-house," disclosed a little of the character of those patriots, who would reform the nation, who have vaunted out their courage in stemming the torrent corruption; and narrated the fortitude with which they have met overwhelming adversity in fighting the good cause of the public. Almost first upon the list of this class of patriots, and next to Mr. Peter Finnerty himself, ranked Mr. Henry White, the Editor of the *Independent Whig*, and it is generally known his *extraordinary* merits, and his *unmerited* persecution; but now comes out the truth, that his immaculacy is not so certain—that his public spirit might probably be *overawed*, and that his integrity is not to be caught in any *tangible* shape. Mr. J. H. Hart was originally the printer of the *Independent Whig*, and a serious sufferer from the ill-judged and intemperate pen of Mr. White, which was ever injuring the cause he so strenuously attempted to support; but whether from principle or not, is other subject for consideration. It appears that Mr. White received two subscriptions of sums considerably above one thousand pounds each raised in the joint names of Messrs. White and Hart, by the friends of liberty, and which were to be appropriated in liquidation of the expences incurred by prosecution, &c. &c. Now Mr. White left his friend Hart to shift for himself; and like a true *patriot* took care of No. 1. He appropriated the whole of the money to HIS OWN uses. Oh, fye, Mr.

White! Mr. Hart too, it appears was *ridiculous* enough to solicit a share of the paper which had been *promised* him—upon which Mr. White, the independant Mr. White, gets rid of him altogether, and the other starts his new “Whig” to scare a prince! It would have been happy for the cause of freedom, if it never had Mr. White as its advocate, a gentleman of the equalizing system, ready to share at all times in the property of others; but by no means desirous of parting with a portion of his own.

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### THE THEATRES.

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DRURY-LANE, *April 10.*—Will it not be enough to say that on this evening Mr. Coates, the notorious Amateur of Fashion, appeared on these boards, for the benefit of Mr. Raymond! the Stage Manager!!! Of Mr. Coates we shall say nothing, for nothing but a straight-waistcoat can restrain his mad propensities so long as empyrics shall resort to him to obtain his powerful aid, in making a benefit. But Mr. Raymond, the stage-manager, a man whom we have hitherto considered as something above a fool; what are the terms sufficiently strong to express our indignation at such a prostitution of the first stage in the kingdom, to the most servile and debasing purposes?—we have no objection to a performer crowding as much into his bill of fare as will insure him a full house, provided that the bill of fare contains nothing exceptionable; but when he resorts to such expedients as the one before us, we cannot hesitate in pronouncing it as scandalous and dishonorable, and an insult to the public.

It requires no uncommon sagacity to discover what we believe by this time all the world must know, that Mr. Coates is neither more nor less than a lunatic, harmless, but not less extravagant, on that account; his unhappy malady points to the stage, where he figures away infinitely to his own gratifica-

tion, and with all that wild vacancy of thought and action which characterizes the disease. He is to be pitied; but when he is led about to the gaze and stare of the town, and shewn absolutely, like Polito's wild beasts, to the amusement of the idle and the gay, while we compassionate his wretched condition, we cannot but despise the mercenary creature who, callous to every generous sentiment, to every humane feeling, thus makes him subservient to his avaricious views, and fills his purse by the exhibition of a calamity which has befallen an unhappy individual. Shame! shame! Mr. Raymond. Shame!

*April 19. (Easter Monday.)*---The Beaux Stratagem, and for the first time at the new theatre, the revived splendid romance of Lodoiska, which was received in all its parts with distinguished applause.

*April 22.*---Recreation, or a Curtain Lecture, a comedy, said to be from the pen of Sir James Bland Burgess, by others, of a Mr. Clarke, the author, no not author, but the scene-shifter of "the Kiss;" and lastly ascribed to Mr. Thomas Dibden, a gentleman who has for some years figured away in the trade of dramatic vamping. Whoever is the claimant, we give him credit for his modesty or his shame, which you please, in withdrawing from public observation. This comedy, alike destitute of plot, of originality of character, of wit, sentiment, or humour, was hardly audible at the end of the third act! the two last were completely lost in the unequivocal peals of condemnation bursting from every quarter of the house. We must confess, although the first act was by no means entitled to any thing like praise, yet opposition was manifested rather too early; the audience seemed too easily soured, too much disposed to condemn, before it could be an adequate judge of the merits or defects of the performance, and for this, if it hastened the fate of the comedy, the author may thank the manager's notorious incapacity, which has raised a prejudice against him and against the house. The following sketch of the story is all we were able to make out: Sir Philip Dovercourt, (Downton) an odd-baronet, is in love, or fancies he is so, with Melissa (Mrs. Davison,) who is attached to Captain Dovercourt (Elliston,) the nephew of the baronet, and who has excited the peculiar attentions of Sir James Willmore (Ray) a faithless husband; she enters into some flirtations with him, with a singular view, that of reconciling him to his lady. Captain Dovercourt, who has been



abroad, conveniently comes home just in time to hear of the faithlessness of Melissa, and determined to set off for India; however an explanation ensues. Sir Philip gets the better of his passion, and not to depart from the usual denouement Melissa is joined to the captain—a buck named Winnington is introduced, we suppose, for the purpose of making us *endure* De Camp; he is in no other way necessary to the piece, about as ridiculous as his representative, and as stupidly wearisome. Upon these shallow materials was the audience called to judgment, and Lord Ellenborough himself could not have pronounced one more *coarse* or severe.

Mr. Raymond made several ineffectual efforts to obtain a repetition of the comedy, but was greeted by an orator in the pit in rather an unwelcome strain; an allusion to the performance of Mr. Coates for his benefit occasioned a very violent contention between the friends of the manager and those who felt insulted by the circumstance, accompanied with the usual hootings, howlings, whistlings, &c. which continued without cessation for a considerable time, with all the discordance of the O. P. war. Peace being restored, Mr. Raymond addressed the audience, “Ladies and gentlemen,—is it your wish that this comedy should be represented a second time to afford it a fair hearing?” which was unquestionably decided in the negative.

COVENT-GARDEN, *April, 19.*—(*Easter Monday.*)—After a representation of the tragedy of Douglas, in which Mr. Betty made his re-appearance—a grand melo-dramatic entertainment was produced for the first time, entitled *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, founded on the Arabian tale of that name, and dramatised by Mr. Farley. The story is well told, and is neither complex or tedious; the scenery is superb, and the acting of Mrs. C. Kemble and Grimaldi, upon whom the principal interest rests, excellent—it was given out amid abundant applause, and continues an attraction favorable to the pockets of the proprietor. We cannot say more of the music, than that there were several very pleasing passages.

*April, 27.* “*Education.*”—On this evening an excellent comedy, under the above title was produced, which contrary to the usage of the modern drama, founded its hopes on exposition of character, rather than intricacy or ingenuity of plot: we hail with real pleasure the return of any thing like legitimate comedy

to the stage; and regret that the late period of the month, at which it was produced, has prevented our detailing its merits—its defects are trifling—we shall return to it in our next number with as much satisfaction as the author can possibly experience from the praise of a reviewer.—We understand it is from the pen of Mr. Morton.

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MINOR THEATRES.—(*Easter Monday.*)

ASTLEY'S THEATRE, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE.—It is but justice to Mr. Astley, to say that he omits no exertion that can possibly contribute to the amusement of the town, and that he invariably produces something of very superior merit. To gratify the holiday folks, he has this season produced a new grand equestrian and pedestrian spectacle, entitled *Ferdinand of Spain, or Ancient Chivalry*—which must have been produced at a considerable expence, and is supported by some of the best ballet performers. One scene in particular, was loudly applauded; and was one of the best contrived and well executed exhibitions we have witnessed—the burning of the castle with falling timbers, &c. &c. The evening's entertainments, concluded with a new pantomime taken from the *Arabian Nights*, and called the *Four Gates, or Harlequin Key*; containing some excellent tricks, and a tolerable share of picturesque and beautiful scenery; the whole of the performance was very well received, and continues to be received with commensurate applause.

LITTLE DRURY-LANE.—On the same evening, the Olympic Pavillion, opened under the new management of Mr. Elliston, and with every prospect of success. The entertainments were, *Love's Perils*, the performance of the *Sieur Sanches on the Slack-rope*; and *Punch's Festival or Harlequin Christmas-box*, which were very well received, and promises to be greater favorites here than at the Surry—we hear of several revivals, which we have no doubt will produce ample encouragement to the proprietor. The theatre has been newly fitted up in a very tasty manner.

**SURRY THEATRE.**—Mr. Elliston has commenced the summer season of this interesting theatre with **King Richard the Third**, including some of the principal scenes in the story of **Jane Shore**, and **Timour the Tartar**, very splendidly got up. The dances were excellent, in which the **Miss Giroux's** appeared with their usual gracefulness, and were rapturously received. The house was very well attended.

**AQUATIC THEATRE, SADLER'S WELLS.**—This theatre commenced its season with a dance called **Love in the Highlands**, a new pantomime ; **London, or Harlequin and Time**, and an entertainment, in which the aquatic spectacle is produced of two ships, &c. called **Rokeby Castle, or the Spectre of the Glen**, from the popular work of **Walter Scott**.

**SANS PAREIL THEATRE, STRAND.**—This elegant little theatre claimed its share of public favour by the production of a pretty new dance, called the **Sailor's Triumph** ; which was followed by an amusing trifle from **Bickerstaff's Romp**, entitled **Love in the City** ; very well performed ; and the **Forest Knight**, and **Davy Jones's Locker**.





- I am not sure that this is blood. I never before saw  
the head of a decapitated Monarch, but if Fortune  
should favor my professional researches

I will leave to  
posterity a criterion to ascertain beyond the possibility  
a doubt whether this be blood or not.





saw  
me  
to  
city of

Let the tombs have it's due talk not  
to me of signs & dec — on —  
bony reflection with the dead — hide  
hide, from my eyes the  
fearful sight! —



URAL ENQUIRY into ENGLISH HIS



tombs have it's due talk not  
signs & dea — on —  
ection with the dead — hide —  
om my eyes the  
erful sight! —

There's a beard There's Whiskers red like my own! faith I  
never knew I had any thing half so regal in me — curse  
Junot & my rib — d — n the Cossack & his pike red Wigs  
& Whiskers will now be all the go.

Turn your eyes this way my P — let them dwell  
upon a Sovereign of another class upon him who  
never spared man in his hate or woman  
in his lust — History informs us he had  
a method in the disposal of his  
Wives peculiarly his own  
let us study him!

